

MACLEAN'S



**THE NEW
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SEXIER THAN
BEING NUDE**

**THE NEW DECADE:
HOW TO SURVIVE
IT WITH STYLE**

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for people
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better.

The People vs. Pollution

BY COURTNEY TOWER

PRINCE EDWARD, British Columbia, is beautiful to see but it reeks from end to end. These fish plants dump effluents over the heads of wharves, where it rains and flows. Smiling pulp-mill officials tilt a shallow Pacific bay. Saskatchewan hells and clouds across a mountain range. "On worst days, hardly fishermen in the area were!" says Dr. Donald Chant, pollution-fighting chairman of the University of Toronto's ecology department. But when I asked a resident how he could stand that smell, he looked me in the eye and said, "I kind of like it." Another man said, "Yes, it's the smell of money!"

Across Canada, the light goes hard against such a poster belief that our land, sky and water are infinitely able to absorb poisons in the name of progress. But public outcry is making itself felt. And Dr. Chant, leading a Toronto citizens' group called Pollution Probe, has shown what aroused people can do. They won the release of 90 percent less on DDT, which began this month.

The group, one of many forming in a mid-size Canada, had its own public inquiry last summer into the grey-powder death of ducks. It sought inquiries against the Metro Toronto Parks Department's use of DDT, a member of the DDT family. It opposed the Ontario government with scientific data and expert opinion. Resources Minister George Kerr received 3,000 letters.

Ontario soon joined three provinces and three American states in a fairly extensive ban on DDT (although the Johnson lobby won some exceptions, which perhaps makes a concrete kind of sense). Quebec followed. Probe then lobbied successfully in a reluctant Ottawa. Probe member Marybeth McLachlan died with Prime Minister Trudeau. And Dr. Chant shyly let it be known that the U.S. wanted to assassinate a big DDT ban (it later announced a small one). That did it, a federal sound asleep.

"John Munro (health minister) had just said the Ontario ban on DDT was premature. If the U.S. was that going to ban it, we would look foolish. So we decided to one-up the Americans."

However ludicrous the reason, there is now a Canadian ban on DDT, which kills fish and wildlife and retards the photosynthesis in ocean plants that produces 70 percent of the world's fish oxygen. The ban was achieved by public pressure, which rose from four thousand scientists talking to each other at the end of May to perhaps 20 years if he continues pouring death into the air and the combustible soil. The scientists say that an exploding world population could use up food and oxygen supplies, while destroying the waters, forests and fields that produce the food and oxygen. What Dr. Chant calls "the red signs of danger" are evident — algae



chicken waters, fish, animals and birds are disappearing, carbon monoxide fills the air from automobiles, planes, power plants and heating.

The Canadian Society of Zoologists says bluntly: "The very survival of mankind is at stake."

Montreal's poisoned river is often so thick that only the tips of skyscrapers point through it like grave markers. The acid rain, from smoke in Sierra and Sudbury and no better, although Ontario is suffering severely. Montreal dumps 500 million gallons of raw sewage daily into the St. Lawrence, which still carries sewage but is unpleasant for anything else.

One of the world's great inland rivers, the Fraser, is an open sewer at Vancouver and far up into its spawning beds. Alberta, provinces' provinces but opens a fifth of Wilfrid Laurier Park to

mining operations. Lake Erie is in large part dead and Lake Ontario is dying of wastes from the U.S. and from a Canada that exports 1,500 pounds of garbage per person each year — four billion cans and two billion bottles and jars. St. John's, Newfoundland, and Victoria, British Columbia, dump raw sewage into the sea. More than a quarter of the shellfish in beds along New Brunswick are made inedible by the effect of fish-poisoning plants. Young salmon die within minutes of being placed in the St. Croix River below a New Brunswick pulp mill. Under some control, the 170 pulp mills are Canada's biggest, most persistent and least regulated polluters — they dump more than half the decomposable material that goes into our water courses each year and threaten to lose it if they can't play dirty.

Even parts of our allegedly protected parks are lost, from logging and overgrazing on caribou. The Lake of Two Rivers in Ontario's Algonquin Park last summer found at 150 times the normal bottom level for swimming. "Algonquin Park was set up primarily to protect the heritages of five river systems," says Patrick Hardy, managing director of the Canadian Audubon Society. "It seems too bad to start our water off that way."

But politicians and environmentalists about their river but less about pollution. Ontario con-



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Pollution Problem: Dr. O'Brien

work are beginning to bite and the giant Doucette Ltd. was charged in court last month with polluting Lake Superior. A Toronto think tank, Systems Research Group, is preparing strategies for all Canadian governments to use against pollution. Industry's spending on pollution is a steady ramp, although governments worry any it is just as high as is often claimed. The business of producing anti-pollution equipment is worth perhaps \$70 million a year and is poised in the coming years to become a major industry. But public heat must be sustained — some ways of doing this are shown on the following pages. Serious endorsement of the two in the cities or Canada will continue to be a paradox of law and order. □

Afterthought

MICHAEL'S "What will become of all those thousands of gallons of sewage DOT left sitting in Canada? Will there be some sort of bettered government collection?"

FEDERAL HEALTH OFFICIAL "We'll find the possibility to believe that we don't know what we'll do. Gosh we'll have to think about that."

"Anyway, for good-me" said the writer, "let's see if we can't flash their DOT down the drain."

The people vs. the politicians

Graham Kerr opened his eyes in his bedroom in Burlington and a black monster loomed at him from an Ontario Hydro advertisement. Since Kerr is in effect the new pollution minister of Ontario and is responsible for Ontario Hydro, he could have felt his work had come home in a flash. But it was an attack from within. His daughter, Megan, 12, and son James, 10, had stuck on his door a full-page newspaper advertisement a 700-foot Hydro advertisement intended for Toronto.

The ad included a coupon to mail to Energy and Resources Minister Kerr, complaining of the sulphur dioxide being leaked from the smelter. He got 3,000 of them. It was the work of Pollution Probe, the citizens' group based at the University of Toronto. Probe's membership of 900 students, professors, housewives and businessmen is expert at looking issues such as flying ducts, the asbestos and the remarkable state of Toronto's Don River (where salmon trout, the measurements of capacity at water, run from 14,000 to 61 million per 100 milliliters; safe water being about 2,400). It also has lawyers helping with suits against polluters. Advertising man Terry O'Malley (the Red Car beer sign) wrote the advertisement because "I have a couple of nice kids that I want to see live more than 10 years."

Joe Montgomery is chairman of the Committee of 1,000, in the Niagara peninsula. The group sends reports and samples of polluted air or water to the responsible authorities if it has made no headway with the offending firm or individual. "A year ago you could drive down any road in the peninsula and see piles after piles of garbage," Montgomery says. "Now you can count them on one hand." But the Committee watches vigilantly as the city of Niagara Falls, New York, dumps 70 million gallons of raw sewage daily into the Niagara River and on into Lake Ontario.

Universities across the country have pollution-protest groups. Meetings are coming in some-on-pipe, bird-watching and singing because the groups are getting dirtier, the birds and fish lower. The Ontario government pays attention to both groups, but not the regions of Quebec and British Columbia. "I wonder whether it is useful or necessary to impose rigid punitive laws on industries," says Resources Minister Paul Alford of Quebec, which is spending \$1.5 million this year fighting water pollution, compared with Ontario's \$42 million. A citizens group called the Kapuskasing Citizens took samples from 136 lakes in southern Quebec last summer. It found the water unsafe to drink in 92 percent of the lakes and unfit for swimming in 70 percent.

SPEC (Society For Pollution And Environmental Control) doesn't receive money from the BC government of Premier W. A. C. Bennett. SPEC is composed of scientists, sportsmen, students and others — 2,000 in Vancouver and 26 branches being set up throughout the province. SPEC makes files, publishes, organizes, puts out the word into the Fraser River. Various conservation groups oppose the coal strip-mining operation in the East Kootenays, which fills fish and game and runs into the water.

Across Canada, the media have been increasing the pressure. "Everyone is striving to make that river as state-of-the-art," Toronto's private outdoor writer Terry Bennett. Larry Gossell, award-winning CBC TV producer of the award-winning *Are We Deaf* documentary and of *Our Dying Winter* last fall, warns that the pressure will not be kept up. "The politicians have really melted, dug in their heels, and they were forced to act by public opinion." □



People in action

J. A. (Tony) Keith (upper left) of the Canadian Wildlife Service, a civil servant of course. Keith sees it as the scientist's "moral duty" to speak out repeatedly and effectively about the catastrophe the world may be heading for if the population explosion and environmental rape go unchecked. And he speaks out.

Mount St. Labor Council member Jerry Hudson (lower left), 27, filed formal pollution complaints against the Canadian Pacific Railway, Gulf Oil and Canadian National and Transat when he was running for city alderman in November. He didn't win election, but the charges are still pending.

Stanley Zlotnik (upper right), 21, ecology student, figures he and 36 other volunteer speakers for Toronto's Pollution Probe talked to 15,000 students, as well as housewives, labor and church groups in 1989. The message is always the same: "We are in serious straits and you-there! must help about it."

Mrs. Mary Anne Wilson (lower right), Toronto housewife with a small baby, holds beer-washing parties. Letters have gone to cabinet ministers, industries and supermarket-chain boss Lou Weisman (famous for reusable bottles). □



'One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted'

BLACK VELVET

Cleaner than white



Housewrens across Canada have been visiting and interviewing Jerry Flynn, saying what will do just as well for their households when it's white as this white.

That could make him a myth-debunker at a certain time. Flynn, a 30-year-old University of Toronto graduate student, has developed a detergent that gets clothes clean — without doing lakes and rivers.

Detergents are the single biggest polluter of water in Canada. The phosphates in them, excreted in sewage as waste, are not broken down by treatment. They are environmental plant life that the sun-to-lower forms, algae, bloom in choking abundance.

The algae are up to much except that higher levels of plant life die, fish die and the water itself dies under green skies.

But the detergent companies say they cannot do without phosphates, which are essential to water softeners, because housewives demand that soap glazes white soles. The companies say they spend millions to seek alternative materials, to seek without success.

Working in a U of T laboratory and using only \$250 worth of materials, Flynn produced in about four months a laundry detergent that works without phosphates. He called it Feravid N. He says lab tests show it cleans not quite so well as conventional detergents, but not with a difference that can be discerned by the unaided eye. It does not pollute. His wife Yvonne says it now, as do several of their

friends, and "some boys had one of those superstitious looks over the backyard clothesline from neighbors."

Flynn and his Feravid N have appeared on TV and radio shows and in newspaper articles. Hundreds of Canadians have written to him "Many, or most, have been housewives," he says. "They don't want to pollute the environment. They're concerned for their kids."

"They say they resist stupid advertising that makes them appear backward, demanding the last bit of whiteness. And they must be being fooled to believe."

Flynn received no response from the detergent companies.

Flynn's detergent might not work commercially, but scientists know that acceptable alternatives to phosphates in detergents could be found in a hurry. They might increase the price of a box of detergent by a few cents, but the housewife's response to Flynn shows that, contrary to accepted myths, they can see what is happening to the environment and will pay to preserve it.

To show them to do that, governments will have to ban phosphates in detergents. Ontario Resources Minister George Keen says he may do that — after giving detergent companies perhaps a year's deadline to get rid of their voluntarily. The other provinces, and Ottawa, don't say anything. They should.



New sewage prevented 11,000 tonnes of waste from polluting in the Raritan River in August 1988. They had to move to a nearby quarry. The Raritan has since got worse.

I see what we breathe, and it scares me



Maybe two or three days a month — no more — Vern Richmond can see across Toronto from the 36-story Toronto-Dominion Centre where he works as secretary.

"But usually it's very smoggy and it's very hard to breathe," he says. "Most days I can taste the sulphur from the smelters. My eyes sting. It makes me and my two men grumpy and lousy-looking. We yawn a lot. It builds up inside you until you feel your chest is being squeezed and you can't get enough breath."

Sulphur dioxide assaults Vern Richmond and two million Torontonians — 40,000 tons a year of it from the five stacks of the coal-burning Hearn generating station across Canada, chimney pumps 10,000 tons of SO₂ into the air daily.

Carbon monoxide from 800,000 cars is in the Toronto air. Canada's eight million automobile exhausts produce almost 21,000 tons of carbon monoxide a day. They pour out irritating lead and cancer-causing nickel additives, mean deadly 32 million tiny explosive minute particles of rubber, lethal asbestos particles, free from brake linings. As the cities develop more expressways, the intensity of pollution multiplies. Montreal's Health Department reports a carbon-monoxide level high enough to damage Montrealers' eyes, hearing and brain cells.

"When I see what people are breathing on the ground at across back out of me," Vern Richmond says. "It'll take me to take my wife and seven-year-old boy out of the city. But I'm still here. And I worry."



"I have a laugh when I hear fishermen boast of catching a big game fish with no fish. Why, these fishers are sick from pollution."

Dr. Ross Stoddart, Director, New York Aqueduct

About 500,000 pounds of arsenic each year are added from the bottom of the Raritan River and other polluted waters in Prince Edward Island, treated up to 20 miles to be replaced in clear water, and are added up to 10 miles again. By March 10 days later when they have passed themselves clean.

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These delirious politicians have stopped turning fresh-cooked steaks because they are afraid of contamination from raw sewage. The Federal Fisheries Department has posted several signs along the Nova Scotia coast to tell boats to clean and cover digging because of pollution. But the police and restaurant owners are worried that the clam may be coming from restricted areas and that other areas may be polluted as well. Says Dr. J. S. Robertson, Deputy Minister of Health: "Families in many small communities just dig a dish or run a pipe into a lake or the ocean."

Quebec knows how

"Lakes are dying in many parts of the province. People are returning to water that could cause typhoid."

—David Laframboise, Quebec, Health Department

"Quebec has no pollution except for federal action . . . We can solve the problems of pollution by ourselves."

—Renée Lussier, Quebec, Montreal, Air Pollution

"These damn signs will drive away our tourist trade."

—Laurin, owner, one of many, along shore—Quebec, the province, signs

"Pollution is out of control in Quebec, and no one is doing anything to stop it. There have been 14 cases of typhoid in recent months."

—Dr. Richard Robins, Quebec, St. John's, Newfoundland

CSO Television and Radio in Saskatchewan, Southern, Ontario, is launching a new service. For Canada's distant city, it is looking to report in pollution control to investigate what's happening around Southern and report on the air.

Ottawa, our capital . . .



where the tanks of sulphur and where there were rats from waters of poly milk, near park and Hull, Quebec.

Can't we stop that terrible die?



The five members long to Vancouver radio station CKNW were joined for the two hours that Arthur Lussier asked as a sort of emergency centre on the pollution of big-city noise.

Lussier, a representative of Civil Industries of Toronto, a new firm that controls industrial noise, had been local television, radio and newspaper headlines for a few days the number one of an especially unpopular planning bill in suburban North Bay at the request of its owners. Callers asked what they could do about the noise from a 24-hour glass-

betting plant (organs and spirit for anti-wave laws). They protested against aircraft noise (the radio was busy and the loudness of TV and radio commercials. Motors and motors told of engine-room noise levels in new diesel ships of 115 decibels (the sound of the coming new supersonic transport is only 115 decibels more). Workers in one engineering factory told of being offered contracts, which they rejected. "It's absolutely predictable that a person would go deaf in 10 years in that factory," says Lussier. "They don't stand a chance."

Noise causes frustration, fatigue, and mental instability, leaving less. United States Senator Mark Hatfield says it costs U.S. industry two million dollars daily. He says major airports are put aircraft, traffic, poorly constructed modern buildings, rock-concrete bands and factories. The noise level in the North American home has since then doubled in the past 40 years. The general diet of urban life is doubling every 10 years. □

"... Along the shore we saw dead fish and garbage. We could see different rates of water. Brown, green, dark-blue and light blue."

"I think we should start bothering the government and other people who could do something about pollution. We should also let everyone be thoroughly aware of this problem because if something doesn't get done, we won't be well off very quickly and water will play our enemy."

—Ann Harvey, Deputy of Lord Peter, Ottawa, Southern, Ont.

environments



Music to remember the birds by

THINK YOU ARE in your city apartment, making love or watching *The New York Times* on a TV — it's all the same to Irv Tadel — but there's more coming in the window and a jumbo get taking off outside and you don't feel quite right. Put down some on your record player — 30 minutes of soft sound on one side or melody on static bridges on the other — and you are with it again, all together. Irv Tadel, president of Southern Research firm of New York, says he heard a "psychological fanfare," a powerful "indirect" in speed reading, knowledge, intuitive perception and timing on "But it also neutralizes what isn't noise, lifts you into accepting the loss of real birds singing. Tadel plays another record, a music map of crackling chirps, from morning and deep before. That's a pay I rather liked dogs. □

Too bad about mercury, it's so good for crops

THE ALBERTA government banned Hagarman potatoes and phosphorus wastes last fall because tested buds were too full of mercury for people to eat. The buds got the mercury from fungicides in seed pots. Mercury is a serious poison, though no one knows just how many buds one would have to eat to become ill. Poison symptoms are trembling, numbness, difficulty in swallowing, distress, blurred vision, loss of gastric co-ordination and emotional disturbance. Enough of a kill.

Pulp mills, chemical plants, plastics and electrical goods factories discharge 300,000 pounds of mercury waste into Canadian waters each year. Pulp from the Otawa River near Ottawa, from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes have recently high mercury concentrations. Mercury-contaminated fish killed or disabled 110 people between 1955 and 1960 in Minnesota, Japan.

Alberta's ban was the first Canadian action against mercury contamination. It cost southern Alberta months and related industries an estimated five to seven million dollars in lost revenues from buyers. There are acceptable substitutes for mercury for fungicides, but next year's seed is now treated. The ban may have to be repeated. □

Dr. Brian Behre, director of the Pottingery Centre at Simon Fraser University, was a futurist for a revolutionary new pesticide that isn't poisonous and is cheap. "We spray of Okanagan Valley orchards from modified irrigation sprinkler systems and it works beautifully," he reports. "Our pesticide knocked off the insects and they dropped on the ground."

The pesticide? Water—open, clear water.



Twelve million pounds of waste go daily into the air, an incredible amount into the air at Fort Millon, B.C. But the mill owners admit only that "variously it's bad."

The hay with more iron than a mine



HAMILTON Bay, often called the most beautiful scenic tank in the world, has 50,000 people around it and this put

of it contains a proportion of their human waste that goes in untreated. Two steel waste dumps sit 90 tons a day of iron oxide and 10 tons of phosphorus, which cost the 7,000-acre bay bottles with two and a half tonnes of sediment each year. The concentration of iron in the bay is higher than that of many iron mines. That put also ensures heavy concentrations of nitrogen and many other unpleasant things. You wouldn't dream of swimming in it. Fish don't. Nothing does, except, at the bottom, a primitive form of life called the mudgoose. □

The true North, strong and—Pew

BOMB explosions from oil exploration boats out along the shore of the Beaufort Sea Edoles in the area before the nickel drove away the beluga while they need for food. Last year they killed 50 whales, this year they got one. Heavy companies and the city of Whitehorse dump waste into the Yukon River in suburbs of Whitehorse supplied by McIntyre Creek, the intruders are to hold meeting water.

Green plants begin from at town and village dumps, every human waste. In spring that stench is overpowering

and they look into the shallow waterways.

Mining companies are only lightly controlled in the time-breaking process that still bears the cart tracks of exploration of the last century. A huge oil slick there would last for decades, destroying wildlife and upsetting the delicate balance of nature. Prime Minister Trudeau is seeking constitutional laws on waste pollution, should oil spillers follow the Mackenzie through the Northwest Passage. His government plans legislation to control pollution before it really starts. □

Canada's Picture 1.66, controls in water will be Ontario, where laws are strict. However, it helps make Brewery Creek in Holt, Quebec, a model river. Quebec is soft on polluters.

7 things that YOU can do

1. Don't contribute to pollution. Have car-pool, use exhaust-control device put on your car. Don't let your cottage gray drain into the lake or stream. Use pesticides extremely sparingly. Don't light—anywhere. No multi-night fits to a local river or stream with an old sofa or burned-out refrigerator.

2. Where you eat, put — or start — a compost group that includes agricultural waste in lawns and gardens.

3. Choose lightly visible, simply explained local pollution laws.

4. Be absolutely sure of your facts.

5. Work positively with press, radio and TV to bring out the facts.

6. Try to get enforcing action from the authorities. Ideal with unions, and don't dole around with oral services.

7. If that doesn't work, don't hesitate to sue. There's why you ought lawyers—there are already federal and provincial laws to cover almost every likely circumstance.

Of course, there is always Volkswagen's solution.

The two big gold mines there open directly erode into the air and water. It is irreversibly contaminated the town's water supply. Old Volkswagen requires the mine to close up? No. It opened the source of water supply.

8.21 is in this in the mountains, to prevent you're it water supply to drink and grow the top up it longer do this in the day. And is power's status in Canada 12 hours a day.



GREECE THIS IS THE MOMENT!



1.43 p.m.
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Poverty: Drop-cuts, we need you / Ski cult: 'As much fun as stirring prison laundry' / Derek Sanderson: Non-here?

one told me in Vietnam that he was going to try to get university students to have a lot of fun, the worst of the worst. He reportedly had dinner that weekend people say put into on a symbolic act. Then, according to my notes, he asked the words quoted in our story: "The next step has to be violence against them."

Lips and towns of phasers & snobs
What with the phasers and snobs who quit the show, the role of the expatriate was making the exhumers as gently and con-
ceded as the tubes, the built-in abundance
of costly gear and the general non-
working of a sport into a fetish. I'll take a
walk in the woods — if I can find any — for
my intense. Margaret Hurvay's *Phasers*
(1970) is a book that is a book. (1970)
Amplify Your Fear The *Phasers* (1970)
seemingly if inadvertently makes the latest
"new" cult sound so much fun in seeing
primary history. So it's a *new* answer to
"back" while pointing your nose to the
left. It's a *new* answer to a *new* book. See
Amplify Your Fear The *Phasers* (1970)
LAWRENCE J. FARRAR, TORONTO

Sanderson: prowess & the glory

It was interesting that articles about Paddy Dwyer (*The Paddy Dwyer*) and Donal Donohue (*The Donal Donal Who Wants To Be A Legend*) should appear at the same time. They showed the difference between a man who doesn't give a damn about plastic society and someone who doesn't give a damn about anybody except himself. It made me wonder if I'm going the right way, and how I'm going to get there. Being (not doing) seems to help.

BARRY MORRIS, WINDSOR

W: It's too bad you make a hero of a man not because of his powers as a hockey player, but because of his powers with

* Any professional hockey player who brags about his lights and his sex life the night before a game is not much of an idol for young Canadians to worship.

• Paraphrasing Sanderson as hockey's version of Joe Namath was an insult to Joe and to football. You are trying to make Sanderson into something he isn't. It's obvious Sanderson is copying Namath's image in hopes of getting some publicity.

NICHOLE L. GILBERT, WILMINGTON, ONT.

• **Each level:** Who cares about Sander
son's "Femmina sublimis"? *Mad Squad*
wardrobe? "Sex-cool bar," much less about
his playmates?

WWW.C.K.BALL.TVSHOWS.COM

• Sanderson calls his girls "broads." Any girl who would let a man call her a "broad" has plenty of class — all love
MICHAEL & TONY OF SANDERSON CO.

• Next time he takes out a "beard," I hope he gets what he deserves — a slap on the face — MAY & JIMMY, Montreal, QC.

5. Sanderson was slightly roughed up after a Memorial Cup game in Edmonton, during which Sanderson and Mike Falkenberg had a fight. But Sanderson was roughed up by two men, not six, as your article claims. And Falkenberg did not "punch" Sanderson into the tank. When Falkenberg was tossed off the ice, he fell and hit his groin on "which" indicated he was jumped and did not have an opportunity to fight back. You also failed to mention that Sanderson was given a much needed ice, obviously by you.

David Sautter and Peter Schmitt • *Health and Safety*

at the center of the new world
civilizational movement

HOW TO MAKE IT TO 1979

(and have fun while you're doing it)

AN ALL-PURPOSE INSTRUCTION MANUAL FOR THE 1970s. ADVICE FROM THE WORLD'S TOP EXPERTS. TEXT BY JON RUDDY. RESEARCH: MAXINE CROOK

TIME, THAT OLD gypsy man, is driving his caravan at Mach One these days, and a lot of Canadians despair of keeping up to date. But there are great and lesser *gurus* of the time who profess to know some of the many answers to our questions: namely, how can one survive the 70s with style? Perhaps their secret is an awareness that novelty is often deceptive. Cary Grant was dropping acid in the 50s, for example, and the first sit-in occurred in Paris in the winter of 1936. Using the lesson of the past as future, talking off the top of their heads, consulting their own private *gurus*, maybe — who knows? — more than 20 prognosticators came up with this advice to help *Maclean's* readers weather the next 10 years.

First things first. Survival. Norman Alcock, who heads the Canadian Peace Research Institute, believes the Bomb will fall, but not necessarily in the 70s and not necessarily on us. Until that occasion — "It will finally scare us into doing something about getting along together" — Alcock urges adults to support protesting youth and the United Nations, in that order. For advice on what the individual can do to stop that other killer, pollution (which Alcock believes will be stopped "because we do much better with technological problems than with attitudes"), see *Canada Report* in this issue.

If we are what we eat, we will be what we have eaten. "If you want to survive the 70s," says Dr. Barbara McLaren, dean of the University of Toronto's faculty of Food &



Open a specialty restaurant, buy land, be a well-off newsmaker in education or entertainment. Don't build a house or buy stocks. For well-dressed men: colorful 'touchables.' For women: curves of your choice



business-administration professor at the University of New Brunswick and author of *Successful Spending: Saving And Investments*. "The demand for cottage territory will continue to rise. I see no decrease in the very-high-returning rental lands. Before investing, have insurance. Interest rates will go down, or we'll all leave the country. Don't invest in the stock market. The average individual investor has never made money in stocks and never will, because he's an investor up against pros."

Everyone, not just graduate students in chemistry, should be aware of the single-most-needed invention of the 70s: Dr. Raman Ray, director of Pennsylvania State University's natural-research laboratory. "Most of all we need a birth-control agent that can be put in the drinking water. Everybody gets it, and those who want to have a baby get an abortion. There are people working on this now, but so far not enough money is being put into it. We desperately need something like this because overpopulation is going to be the dominant problem of the 70s."

The time is opportune to build a house. That word from Dr. Buckner-

Scotson, "Forget all the cures. You need protein, vitamins, minerals and a bit of carbohydrate. The average weight of a 50-year-old Canadian woman of five foot two inches is 144 pounds. She should weigh 150. Half the deaths in Ontario last year were from malnutrition."

Staying alive is all very well, but the prospect of making a bundle and escaping to *Majesty* with one's secretary will start a growing pain in the 70s. Ahead the *idyllic* of two young Canadian entrepreneurs. Donald Ferguson, self-named president of Collegiate Advertising Ltd., a promotional-concussion firm. "If there's a job you are particularly good at, have the courage to start your own business. The opportunity to make money is far greater in your own company, and the personal rewards in being master of your own ship are tremendous. But don't try to create a new product. The big institutions have too much of an advantage. Find a new way to service a speckled market with established products." Mitch Kilmovet, president of Edmonton's Alliance Developments Ltd., "Start a high-quality restaurant, a specialty one, such as a steak house, in a booming part of the country. The Okanagan Valley, for example. Or open up a chain of oyster restaurants across western Canada."

Arthur Clarke, the author of 2001, *A Space Odyssey*, is also uncommonly well informed on 1979, by which time, he says, a reusable "DC-3 of space" will have made possible the exploration of the solar system. (Commercial space travel will come in the late 1980s.) Clarke believes that the space program will be the glaucous industry of the 70s, but not the big one. He advises young people to consider education and entertainment: "People in these two fields are going to be the newsmakers and style-setters. Also the money-makers."

The best investment of the 70s will be land, especially waterfront cottage sites, according to William J. Roddie, business-administration professor at the University of New Brunswick and author of *Successful Spending: Saving And Investments*. "The demand for cottage territory will continue to rise. I see no decrease in the very-high-returning rental lands. Before investing, have insurance. Interest rates will go down, or we'll all leave the country. Don't invest in the stock market. The average individual investor has never made money in stocks and never will, because he's an investor up against pros."

Everyone, not just graduate students in chemistry, should be aware of the single-most-needed invention of the 70s: Dr. Raman Ray, director of Pennsylvania State University's natural-research laboratory. "Most of all we need a birth-control agent that can be put in the drinking water. Everybody gets it, and those who want to have a baby get an abortion. There are people working on this now, but so far not enough money is being put into it. We desperately need something like this because overpopulation is going to be the dominant problem of the 70s."

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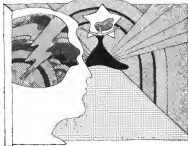
ster Fuller: the person who invented the grotesque dome (and who for most of his life was considered some kind of nut). Bucky Fuller "In the 70s we'll see the beginnings of the environmental and air distribution of environmental-controlling facilities, for living or working or playing in. They won't be sold. They'll be rented, sort of like a portable motel. You'll park your car, and your house will be affixed to it. Then when you want to move, or go on vacation, you'll just have your environmental facility picked up and moved with you. Nobody should build a house now. It's far too costly, and when the environmental-controlling facility comes the person who has recently built a house is going to lose his money. He won't be able to sell it and chances are likely that it will be far too expensive for him to keep."

Want to be the first in your environment-controlling facility to read the most important book of the 70s? Listen to Robert Fulford, author of *Saturday Night*. "It will be written by a woman. I don't know her name. She'll be viciously funny. When her book appears it will be reviewed rather negatively. It will go into paperback and become the classic expression of feminism. She'll be an American, and right now she's in graduate school somewhere. She's the author everyone will have read by the end of the 70s."

In the 70s men may dominate women, but the increasingly sexual glaucous of their apparel. Anne Marie Perrow, owner of a Montreal boutique called *Masculin/Feminin*, has the word for women (get ready for mass spring and summer coats and long knits, sport the skirt for old nation-sleeve dresses, which are coming back), but is more excited at the prospect of dressing men in colorful fitted suits with half-moon pockets, Peter Pan collars, pastel shoes. *Bitchie Yerke*, Toronto pop critic and a gaudy harbinger of spring, 1972, advises his sex to "take a lesson from the ladies," urges the purchase of "tight, shiny, fluid, very touchable things—sweat, satin, tweeds in warm and vibrant colors." Throw away the following neckties, "mass-produced beige all-weather coats," co-ordinated cuffs, white socks. "Turtlenecks will stay, for people who are stupid enough to wear them."

Women will rely more on cosmetic surgery, less on external cover-ups, to overcome the ravages of nature. If you are a 32-A, for example, you might be interested to learn that Dr. Franklin M. Ashley, professor and chief of plastic surgery at the University of California at Los Angeles has developed a procedure called *natural-Y* maxillary prosthesis. Silicone-filled shodas covered with a thin layer of polyethylene will not drift down the breast to the armpits, as was a ludicrous possibility in the bad old days of breast enlargement with solid silicone. "If a woman is unhappy about the size of her breasts, she should do something about it," says Dr. Ashley. "Using the Y prosthesis, a plastic surgeon can give her whatever size breast she wants."

With the exception of caution at an early age, there is no sure way of preventing male-pattern baldness. Men who find themselves with less rather than more hair in the shaggy 70s should consider Dr. Samuel Herlich as a possible alternative to their neighborhood rag salesman. Since 1961, when he pioneered the operation in Canada, Dr. Herlich has been performing hair



Get a hair transplant, throw big parties, be a phrase-maker, a crusader against governmental red tape, an art collector—of figures, landscapes or lead. And escape—to where the tourists aren't: Africa, Colombia or Micronesia



The catchphrases of the 50s were frivolous ("See you later, alligator"), of the 60s, surreal ("Suck it to me"). For those who must be in the verbal vanguard, Hollywood TV writer Chris Beard explains the catchphrases of the 70s: "They'll be based on the 'reverse syndrome'—humor tries to describe normal things and vice versa. The first popular phrase of the decade will be 'Word, Andy, really word,' which is used on *The Andy Williams Show*." Now you know.

An inevitable question of the 70s: What should you do if you catch your kid smoking pot? "Be cool," says Miles Korosik at Toronto's Addiction Research Foundation. "Talk to him. Find out how long he has been smoking it and why. Is it curiosity? Does he use it often? You do not pick up the phone and call the police and say, 'I've got a drug addict on my hands.' Beyond that, unfortunately, even the experts at ARP are stuck for an answer. Well, what should you do if you're at a party and the host is passing around marijuana joints or pills? 'Stay with something you know,' says Korosik.

Whether or not to save money toward a college education for one's progeny is debatable with hopeful liberals looking forward to increased state assistance. But two men who should be heard on the subject, Dr. Neil Perry, British Columbia's Deputy Minister of Education, and the Honorable Robert C. Clark, Minister of Education in Alberta, are believers in pigggy and other bank accounts for Junior. "Universities will be strapped for funds to

transplants, in which plugs of hair follicles are removed from the back of the head and inserted in desolate areas. It takes time, five days in Montreal and a fair bit of money, anywhere from \$500 to \$5,000," says the Montreal general practitioner, who now works with two trained colleagues. "But the male will be more vain than ever in the 70s. He'll want to look younger. Five years ago I did one man who was 65, and he still has a few head of hair and feels it was the best thing he ever did with his money."

That grand old Canadian institution, the affair, will be more conspicuous in the 70s. For example, in this first month of the new decade comes a book, *The Affair*, by Morton Hare, a writer in the sociological field who will not be passed to a vulgarist poster. "The incidence of affairs will continue to increase because modern marriage is misconstrued, and the affair is one option in an unsatisfactory marriage. Some affairs are good for the person involved, some bad. Some wreck marriages, occasionally, they help marriages. Young people are finding that premarital affairs help them choose more satisfactory marriage partners."

Writer Truman Capote, who drew the party of the post decade—at *The Plaza* in New York in November 1968—will not be supplanted as Host in the 70s. "The party of the 70s will be my 30th birthday party," he affirms. Since his prominence is not threatened, Capote is quite prepared to offer a tip or two: "Make your parties big and spectacular. Give it all you've got. And watch that French boy, Baron Alexis de Rade. He gives the best parties in Europe."

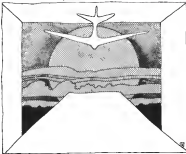
ment rising costs and increased registration," says Dr. Perry. "I'd guess there will still be a tuition fee." Says Robert Clark: "I'd bet on saving your money. I have two preschool children, and I'm saving mine."

Governmental red tape, a trial of the times that might be described as one symptom of Parkinson's Law disease, is a special concern of Judy LaMarsh, the former Secretary of State who now inhabits a lawyer's gilded cage in St. Catharines, Ont. "We're struggling in red tape and it's going to get worse," says Miss LaMarsh. What to do about it? "Demanding an ombudsman would be an act of self-preservation, if people would only make the effort." Write your MP. And while you're at it, tell him that the government has made your life miserable with petty legislation. Says Miss LaMarsh: "The government could help make the 70s livable by firing somebody to take a look at the bylaws and statutes we have and to check for more than half of them out. Governments at all levels now think they exist to legislate. Instead of great groups of people getting together to pass bylaw after bylaw, we need a small group of people to figure out how to work with what we've already got."

Apart from a gaudy little trip to buy Denis Barons ("He's the best draftsman in Canada now that Vicky's dead"), Dennis Barons offers objective advice for 70s art collectors. "There seems to be a revival of the figure, a right reach some heights in the 70s. There's interest in the abstraction of the 50s, and it appears that there will be a revival of interest in Canadian landscape painting that has a direct continuity from the Group of Seven. There will be a continuing minimalist revolution—artists are now working with lead, rubber, cones, electric wire, felt—that will make art even more individualistic. It will be harder to collect, because each of it will be cumbersome or perishable."

With the coming of bulk fares and the 347, plane travel in the 70s will take a quantum leap. While first-class sightseers peek London, Paris, Italy, Ireland, Germany and the established islands of the Caribbean, you will head *Esquire* travel editor Richard Joseph and jet elsewhere. "The best places to go will be Africa (wherever the political situation is settled), the coast of Colombia and its beautiful offshore island of San Andres, which as yet has no airport, and Micronesia, especially the island of Truk, which could soon be another Hawaii. I believe Micronesia will become a republic, and there'll be a fantastic amount of development. Get there before everybody else does."

In case the sum of all the preceding advice is not happiness, we bring you Cleveland Amory, the media person and, as he prefers to be known, president of the Fund For Animals, 3 Walk Street, New York, N.Y. "I would suggest carrying a 70s Survival Kit," says Amory, "one in which you should pack the following: an old-fashioned band-aid or, as the case may be, wit, or even, as the case may be, pre-arranged compassion, two old-fashioned children, an old-fashioned family doctor; several old-fashioned Old Fashioned Whiskeys. Would it also be possible, I ask pleasantly and seriously, to have a little old-fashioned decency and kindness, if not toward one's fellow man, at least toward one's fellow creatures on this earth?" □





CHARGE OF THE HALIGONIANS

In the shadow of their historic Citadel, the people of one of Canada's oldest cities are building a rich new heritage. And they're all in on it — the socialist mayor, the *art nouveau* students, the highrise millionaire, the crusading newsman, the Soul people, the campus innovators and 250,000 others who wouldn't quite fit into the picture above. Suddenly, Halifax, where everybody comes from, is a place to go to

BY ALAN EDMONDS Photographs by Horst Ehrlich

THE MOST ENGAGING evidence that there really is a new Halifax has nothing whatever to do with the highway buildings snarling out of the sunks of grey frame houses that parade downed to the sea. Nor is it the new boutiques and the museums and leaders across nor even the massive Scotia Square mall-office-sportsmen-hotel complex. This new Halifax is somewhere opportunist to the local attitude to the hippest last outsider.

There wasn't many hippies. Perhaps no more than 100 at any one time. They hung out at the statue of Robert Ross opposing the venerable Lord Nelson friend and, with magnificent poise, in Murray's Restaurant, Canada's culinary symbol of squareville.

But when the locals began to outsiders about the hippies' dirty hair and

got the role of outrage isn't entirely convincing. Surely, one suspects, they're a little proud that grey old Halifax has made the hippies aware.

The urban explosion noticeably hit Halifax about three years ago, when Ralph Medjuck, lawyer son of an antique-store owner, put up a 21-story apartment building that everyone prophesied would fall down. It didn't. Development has boomed since and Halifax is small enough (about 250,000 in the metropolitan area) that changes are visible daily.

That's happening in other Canadian cities, too, but in few of them is the contrast with the past so obvious. Halifax has been largely stagnant since the turn of the century and the death of sail. The young left for Boston, Toronto — anywhere. What novelist Hugh MacLennan

said of Halifax in 1957 — that "it has a poison for looking old" — was true until a year or so ago. Now the comfortable old images have gone and, until a new one is articulated, anything — or almost anything — goes.

The exodus of the young has slowed. Bright men and women — scribbles in concrete — are moving to Halifax and Dartmouth from metropolitan areas too big for people. The new Halifax is big enough to be important, and in an era in which new movement dislates in billions dollars, not miles, it's close to everywhere. The environment is important. Above all, Halifax — and by that we mean Halifax and Dartmouth and metropolitan areas — is still small enough to provide the sense of identity that eludes the big-city dweller. As one exiled

Torontonian puts it, "Halifax is tearing it doesn't have to be the biggest to do good things, even great things." It's a lesson all North American cities can learn.

Halifax has been taught this lesson, not by the young but by men in their middle years who retain the vision and energy to change their city, and are here the influence and money to do it. The city's socialist mayor, Allan O'Brien, teaches them. Dressed in his robes of office and ready to lead a charge up sacred Citadel Hill for the picture above — a charge designed to symbolize that the new vigor is conquering the old apathy — Mayor O'Brien tried to explain what was happening in his hometown. "There's an air of expectancy," he said. "Interview is exciting now."

The Perils of Progress—or how Scotia Square nearly wasn't built

Scotia Square opened October 15 — and Halifax Dartmouth had that now indispensable status symbol of all prairie cities north of the Niagara water belt, an under-ground shopping mall as part of a downtown low-rise/apartment complex.

More than any other single development, Scotia Square has changed Halifax because it revolutionized a gloomy, depressing downtown. But it has also changed the lives of the quarter-million people in the four cities of Dartmouth and Halifax, perhaps changed the lives of all Maritimers because it generates an exotic interest about tomorrow that Canada east of Quebec hasn't felt since the death of such a century ago.

How it came to be built — and really wasn't — is the story of Halifax in all letters.

In the late 1930s, faced with a dying city core beleaguered by speculators, the city council constructed an outside planner to tell them how the slums should be redeveloped and a new land system built.

Another outsider, British promoter J. E. Godfrey (nicknamed Alfred Hitchcock because of his ability to collude from any corner) 100,000 to produce "pretty pictures" of Halifax with skyscrapers and shopping malls clustered around Citadel Hill. That was 1940. For the first time, local people thought of Halifax and high-rise in the same sentence.

Later, another British development group put up plans for redevelopment, this 20-acre north of Barrington Street, and then backed out. One evening the assembled local power structure was be-



gawking the situation at a cocktail party, when another outsider got into the act. The late Major General Kenneth Appleton of the British Army said simply, "Well if outsiders can do it why don't you do it yourself?" It is a mistake of the collective Halifax myth to think that the idea hadn't already occurred to anyone at the party.

Edwin Charles MacCulloch, MacCulloch, now 78, is a foreign builder in the best Maritimean rags-to-riches tradition of Lord Beaverbrook and Sir James Dunn. A contractor's son who put himself through a school of architecture while working as a computer, he has made a couple of fortunes in lumber exporting and steelworking companies and real-estate development. MacCulloch became president of Halifax Developments Ltd.

The night before the open- ing ceremonies on October

15, Charles MacCulloch sat in the dining room of the Karagay (in means, "by roping around") Club, planning his speech. Remembering, "We tried to get our financing in Canada but they couldn't. I remember going to Upper Canada, sitting in the board room of the Scotia Bank in Toronto, trying to sell a group of interests as the idea. You know, they didn't even want Halifax, and I couldn't finance them. So we decided to try Micro-politics Life in New York."

"About then Ed [his son] was invited by Air Canada to go on a VIP inaugural flight to Moscow. I went, and on the plane sat next to Gilbert Fitzgibbon chairman of Metropolitan Life."

"We parted off on the trip, but I didn't remember him until the very last day. We were in Sechs by the Black Sea taking pictures of the workers' hotels, and I said, 'Gilbert, I'm coming down to

let your people for a lot of money next week.' He said, 'Okay, call me first.'"

Next week he introduced me to the people in the mortgage department and they were really impressed. But the chairman of the board was introducing me. The money market was incredibly tight then, in 1967. I remember not even saying, 'Why I felt put off this money into to, what?'

Halifax? The Place Vile Marie represents an investment of 1600 per head for the population of Montreal. Scotia Square represents 5157 a head for our population. If it hadn't been for the fact I was introduced by Gilbert Fitzgibbon the answer would have been a flat 'No'."

"Well, we got the 116 million mortgage we wanted — on condition we 10 local directors put up another five million dollars ourselves as equity."

"Well, we did. Then we had to raise the rest with a bond issue and the local brokerage houses wouldn't touch it, so we had to get outside people in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg to do it for us. Next we needed certain financing. The Bank of Nova Scotia agreed to."

At 3 p.m. one day all the owners of this deal had to be brought together on a lawyer's office and signed. At 11 a.m. my phone would ring. I was one of the local investors, who said he'd been to indicate his pledge. I left my half-a-million check. So near — and it looked as though it would all go up in smoke. Well, I'll skip the details. They're all business, none really. But I want to one director and told him I thought he deserved a bigger share. I invited with another one, I'd picked up a bet with myself. At 3 p.m. I was at the lawyer's office in sign on the dotted line.

There was a long silence. MacCulloch, who looks like a cross between Clark Gable and Kris Kristofferson, was going to underwrite, not looking out at Halifax.

"We — Halifax — did it after all," he said. □

A prodigal returns; a new paper is born — and change is in the air

IF MANY OF US British-born men who used to say, "From Bill, Hull and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us." A lot of people here in Halifax and Dartmouth agreed, and moved out.

But things are changing. For instance, Nick Bicknell came back.

Fifteen is 36 and almost moon-faced and dial-tone's snicker and is a very good journalist with a fire in his belly and an almost unbelievable tolerance for Orend's

Schwimer also, and he came back to tell Upper Canada that even if Halifax isn't

exactly Shoghrift, it can't be bad as the rest of Canada thinks either.

He stayed in and finally tried to convince the locals that it's true — with a little help, abetting newspaper editor The Art Enos, who, last summer, built a circulation of almost 8,000, largely by filing at the local power structure and being what, locally anyway, is considered radical.

The way Nick said it, he had run the gamut of small newspapers, the *Canadian Press*, *Eastern News Agency* in London's Fleet Street, and he found himself on the CP dock in Toronto "just disgusted with the way Upper Canada thinks about city boys."

"Look, I only ever wanted to read about Halifax and the Maritimes being a depressed wasteland where nothing important happens, except we murder blacks. Well we do."



and I'm not denying it but there's a hell of a lot more to Halifax than that. But if people like me keep leaving it

well, maybe the heavy stuff will come too. "So I got off about a week ago back here, I've been and try to change the image."

"Then here I am back in Halifax, writing for the *Toronto Star*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, *CBC*, *Public Affairs*, shows, the *Ottawa Citizen* and *United Press International*, and I begin to realize that I'm telling Upper Canada things the local people don't know, our local newspapers being what they are."

"For instance, I did a piece on the Glace Bay heavy-water plant, which said it was a governmental scandal. Now the main acknowledgment that it is that the public here had never had it presented to them in that light."

"Anyway, in a lot of instances I just sit around going along with live others and start a new paper, assuming 350 copies. The Art Enos is going well but so far I haven't made enough and it is to keep me in touch."

Enos, his father is a writer and journalist, his mother and a clutch of independent contributors are all politicians, during mostly but not always very impressively — at anything, including the Halifax Chronicle-Journal (which they edit).

The Old Lady of Argyle Street's editor-in-chief, men with questionable drinking habits and anyone and anything else they can lay their

Not too long ago Nick was in his comfy office ("My mother keeps trying to clean it") putting together an essay that, among other things, said that the local women's compensation scheme was financed by its reliance on industry for cash, and that she proposed legislating pot — "which, locally is like considering motherhood."

There are, fifteen men, lots of local life for his paper to examine. But that said, it's most important role: "If there's one thing it's doing it is giving people faith that Halifax can change." □



"At first, I thought it was a ghastly place"

Amanda Williamson is 34, a teacher from New Zealand. She came to Halifax last September via Spina International, Fremont, Norway, 84-4, and — and — if you hadn't guessed — it was her very own word the world "a ghastly place" to Halifax so I could visit in the east and work any way west across Canada," she says. "After my first look, I thought it was ghastly. A disgusting dead place, but then I began meeting people and seeing some of the more beautiful homes around. The Arts and I arrived in a very exciting, among the young people here. It's as though something's happened, but no one is sure what." □



HALIFAX continued

Bill Shaw's gate to the Promised Land

THE PROMISED LAND looks like a red-brick building with a corrugated iron roof, but in fact it's the ritziest city about — a corrugated-iron building with a brick facade. The outer wall of black paint-plastered corrugations is what you see when you first set foot outside

in Canada at Pier 21. Halifax — that and a heavy wooden door painted green.

Nowadays it is usually locked and barred. Only three times a month does it open, a month clock at Halifax, shuddering about 100 immigrants across. But between 1929 when Pier 21 was built and the late 1950s, when the jets began sucking passenger ships, a half-million immigrants filed through that door to Canada, land of hope and

and. "Looking back, it wasn't a very welcoming place," Bill Shaw, now deputy administrator

superior of the Immigration Department, passed Pier 21 in 1941. "Just after the war the Act we were administering was a restrictive one. Our job was to keep people out."

We all had this huge impression of the immigrant from the 1920s and 1930s, when you thought of immigrants as peasants with bundles over their shoulders and women in headscarves. I suppose that after the war they still looked in that way, but our attitude was, 'Well, they're only immigrants. But that was the spirit of the Act then.'"

It was the spirit of Pier 21. The door was sagittal. The walls were muddy-green and brown in places. The overhead pipes to one was over heat about, because they were coated with grime. There were, at first, ceiling, high wire cages, and immigrants were herded from one to the other. If you were an immigrant you stepped on to one of eight tiny rows of wooden seats, and waited and waited to meet the immigration officer while babies wailed and old people sat, quiet and resigned, and the kids listened the floor with orange peels.

"You will see all the oranges," says Bill Shaw. "It was a relief when the Act changed in 1952 and we began courting immigrants. As people, we always wanted to help them, but we could only do what the Act said. We didn't do much with the assembly area, though, except put it up as I think it was then someone put that sign that says 'Welcome to Canada in six languages. But for it was a sort of midwest."

Canada was the land at the end of the rainbow for all the lost people of Europe. Sometimes there would be three letters off the immigrant run had up alongside at a time, and I can remember the time when I've processed 3,000 immigrants a month myself."

Bill Shaw's blue-eyed sandy-brown, clock-faced, and somewhat, awkward face was the face of Canada to thousands. From now he occasionally faces from someone he helped become a Canadian.

Oh, there were problems

There was the Scottish passport holder, European who accepted the Nazis by going to Berlin before the war were not at first technically entitled to come as immigrants. He since brought groups of Scottish people, and you'd have a man with a heavy middle-European accent and a very non-Scottish face turn up with a passport that read: Angus McNeil. And then there was the X-ray robot, where a man with TB would try to get in on the strength of X-rays taken of a healthy friend.

"We had to keep an eye out for subversives and other undesirable. Somehow, you developed a seventh sense about it. I remember one big fellow from Germany — for no reason I could think of I had him anxiously examined again and told them where to look and they found a Nazi SS number tattooed under his armpit. At the time we were rather strict on the SS and he was deported."

Since renovations two years ago there is talk on the floor of the assembly area. Walls are gay-green, the overhead pipes are clean, and there's wire ceiling over the ceiling of the entrance to airports can't mind there and behind the New Canadians as they pass from ship to shore. The wire signs went long white, and now the rows of seats where you sit and wait for that precious, and readily given, stamp: "Landed Immigrant" are splattered in yellow, green and orange plastic. "Welcome" says the sign "There now."

Some of the people who were sent to the office by the British from Eastern Europe and Polish ships, taking boats mostly. "I've often remarked on the scarcity of Russians," says Bill Shaw. "I wonder whether it's because they're so satisfied with what they've got or whether they're better supervised in port. You rarely see one return by himself, you know." □

And there's more: the cost of property, a \$22-million fee. Danforth, the student explains — see to page 55

THE RETURN OF MODESTY



THE THOROUGH WITH MODESTY was that it showed all that skin. This made you see at bedtime, either you or your spouse, as hardly as unbefitting, as perfectly fit, as beautifully proportioned as what you saw in the magazines. All attracted and banished and graceful. In the flesh, modesty just didn't work.

As a result, Canada and the world are peeling out of a two-year period of groping awkwardness, and returning to what wisdom might have told us all along was most alluring — and safer — than nudity: modesty.

Public acceptance of nudity began with fashion. First the modest exposed the bottom half of the body. Then in 1965 Ruth Greenish, as a witty retort comment, a challenge to an inhibited society, exposed the other half in his topless bathing suit and dresses. He didn't count on his topless bathing suit revolution in dress. Two years later designers were showing see-through items in all their collections. Exposed breasts, stomachs and backs were fashionable. What fashion began, first modest and then the stage carried to the ultimate extremes.

By 1967 nudity was everywhere. Clubs all over Canada

and the United States featured topless girls, topless female rock bands, topless waitresses and, in California, show-girls. Los Angeles and San Francisco presented with topless and bottomless dancing girls and waitresses. By the year's end they were changing policy, not because modesty squads had dropped down, but because there were not enough customers.

In Canada, it's been the same sort of story. Bortolucci has been running continuously in some parts of the country since the 1930s, but it's been a rule that if a girl meets him to wear patches. Last June, the Victoria Bortolucci in Toronto decided to challenge this. They removed the patches on the dancing girls and waited for the police to descend on them. Nothing happened. Nobody cared.

Last year a theatrical group in Toronto put on *Fate*, a play about a farmer with an unusual love for his pig. At one point a woman burnt her breast onstage. As critic Robert Fulford pointed out, "The fact that the woman burnt her breasts had nothing to do with the environment surrounding *Fate*. It was the arrival of the police that was most important."

/ continued on page 23

by Marjorie Harris

Photographs by Mike Guss

MACLEAN'S PLAYMATE OF THE NEW AGE

MISS MODESTY



THE NEW WOMAN IS NOT A NUDE WOMAN

Fashion historian James Laver says that in times of female emancipation women have a tendency to dress more modestly than during other eras. Last year we saw the spread of newly pillared femininity, and whether this led to a direct impression on Canadian designers is hard to say. This winter's austere-over-the-top-embroidered might indicate that he has a good point. The modest look we'll see in the spring, however, has a good deal more sensuality. Textures are

supple, fabrics such as the wet look of silk are intricately worked. And garments are cut so that undergarments are unnecessary if you like that sort of freedom. So sexy is the new modesty that our young ladies need protection. Top: weightlifter Earl Mackie looks over a bottle jacket and pants by Pat McDonough for The Re-Establishment, \$70; and below him, a cropie jumpsuit, again by Pat McDonough, \$85. At far right: football player Vance Davies with a trouser suit and moustache by John Warden, \$235.

Opposite page: Park Jong Soo, one of world's leading Tae Kwon-Do experts (that's the Korean art of self-defense), lends off any suggestions about Pat McDonough's cinched knit jumpsuit, \$13, and dress, \$22. Previous pages: dress by Marilyn Brooks, \$10; all all-Uncle-remains



his month the musical *Hair* arrives in Canada. Since things have a tendency to show up suffer late here, attitudes toward this production have changed already. *Hair* started off as an expression of the tribal cries of young people glorifying their values and their angst. Where it opens in Toronto this month it will be as a part of the middle-class yearning for a more spontaneous, joyful contrast than these young people seem to have achieved.

The kids probably won't go to see it. By now it's much too Establishment. But they'd give anything to be in it, as the hundreds who showed up for the October auditions proved. The community *Hair* portrays itself as the musical does — only while it's being performed. It provides an identity and the short nude scene is a minor matter to these young people just aren't that uptight about the exposure of their bodies.

Made movies, of course, are still in production — none so, in fact, than ever before. In 1963 according to a recent *Playboy* survey, 80 direct-exploitation movies — movies for the skin trade — hit North America, produced either here or abroad. Last year, 208. Not as many made for ordinary people, nudity has simply become acceptable. It's no longer sensational enough to sell tickets, and directors can use sex or nudity precisely the way they can use any other visual device, to further their story lines or develop characters.

Still, nudity as entertainment may last another season before it self-destructs. But nudity as style has almost had it. Designers have less interest. So have their clients. For men of the new-looking-does-breasts persuasion, seeing *Playboy* fantasies unfolded at parties has been just a bit too much. As one friend of mine told me in what I didn't realize and now was an interview for this article: "The sex of transparent clothes. I don't know where to look — at her face or the floor. I can't stare at her breasts until I get to the other side of the room."

Likewise everyone accepts a slide of undress spontaneously with a lack of self-consciousness. Driving down makes most people uncomfortable. Drive-in cities in New York and London, where a number of nude plays are running, complain not so much about the sex of nudity, as

about the fact that the scene took place well, even as you and I pull and lump. Designer Pierre Cardin said during his recent visit to Canada, "If you were ashamed of your body, you'd walk around nude when you felt like it. But fashion is religion, and religions say we must doth ourselves. Fashion is also social life. Besides, if you had to hide everything that's ugly, you'd hide everything."

Which is the point — or at least part of it. The more of themselves that women expose, the less erotic pleasure men seem to find. Anyone who isn't a voyeur has a saturation point for seeing through sex through blouses. "What's great about breasts and even more private areas is when they're concealed," one young man says. "But concealed in a beautiful way when there's just a hint of their beauty. When it all hangs out, the mystery is disrupted, there's nothing left to speculate about. That's if it's in a public place. Alone, well that's a different thing."

How do women feel? When men appear nude in film and on the stage, women have had a chance for the first time to stare and analyze them as men have been doing with the female form for some time. So also, it happens just that — a form is analyzed. And the analysis of form just isn't very sexy. For the New York man, whose intellect, however strident, has been made much more of an achievement in beauty contests is the mindlessness of *Playboy* beauty. Nudity, for them, was just another example of the female being explored for her body alone, and they will, as I do, apply to damage. □

SECRET COURTIN HAMILTON

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Crimic objective fiction as with all good stories, has a beginning, and a middle, and an end. In the beginning somebody is killed. In the middle, during investigations or at a trial, the true circumstances surrounding the crime are revealed. In the end, justice seems to be done. In real life, murder cases are invariably messy and less satisfying. But seldom, even in Canada where the machinery of justice is better than such dubious products as the original Stephen Truscott trial, has there been a murder mystery as messy and as unsatisfying as the one that unfolded — or rather failed to unfold — in Hamilton, Ontario, last year.

The Hamilton murder case is now officially closed. But there is a stench that refuses to go away, the rotten odor associated with ignorance and concealment. Ugly rumors alleging police misconduct still hang over the city. The stifling atmosphere of suspicion and distrust is making Hamilton citizens on both sides of the law-and-order debate uneasy. It should

ruin everybody in Canada today.

The beginning of the story is not in dispute. Shortly before four on the morning of December 22, 1984, a street fight developed in a quiet residential district near the edge of the city's Mountain. On the defense were two armed policemen in plain clothes, Sgt. J. Cameron McMurrich and Sgt. Joseph Kolin. They were part of a special five-man burglary squad operating from a power-packed neighborhood.

Anged against the police were a group of eight young, drunken men who had been carrying at a Christmas party in the home of John Charles MacEwan. The group included MacEwan himself, James Brooker, James Major, Murray Frost, Douglas MacEwan and James MacEwan. Four of these men had criminal records and their car-license numbers were on a police list.

Ten shots were fired from the 30-caliber revolvers carried by the suspects. One missed the leg of MacEwan. Another pierced the heart of 34-year-old Sgt. McMurrich and killed

him within seconds. A third bullet entered Brooker's back, just below the left shoulder blade and punctured both his lungs. Brooker, 24, died when the lung was filled with blood and air. The bodies of the two slain men were found on opposite sides of a Suncor service-station lot a block from the MacEwan home. The five surviving civilians were arrested and charged with capital murder.

There was also a middle to the story. Many observers found it as bleak and repulsive as the beginning. When the preliminary hearing into the charge against the five men opened late in February, provincial Judge Robert Morrison warned both press and public lives in court. As far as is known, this was the first time this had happened in a capital-murder case in the history of Canadian jurisprudence. Judges rarely try to use their discretionary power under Section 483, sub-section (1), of the Criminal Code. Cases are frequently heard in camera—news men and talk radio had no access to judges reporting the testimony in detail. News editors, lawyers, jour-

nalists reporters were banned entirely.

The secret hearing also saw a second rather frightening precedent set. The secret micrographs were taken down the evidence given by 16 witnesses during the eight-day inquiry were forbidden to all the transcript to the news media until after the subsequent trial. In theory, such micrographs are police documents. Further, some, against a normal practice, the coroner refused to make public his autopsy reports on the two victims. No requests had been considered.

Finally, the Hamilton story had an ending — of sorts. It came unexpectedly during the trial held last September before Mr. Justice Campbell Grant of the Ontario Supreme Court. By then the accused men had waited nearly nine months in jail cells for their day in court. MacEwan, who had no previous criminal record, cracked under the strain and asked to be put in solitary confinement.

On the sixth day of the trial, which had been scheduled to last three weeks, the accused were persuaded to

plead guilty to lesser charges rather than risk their necks by having the trial continue. The jury was dismissed and no more testimony was taken. A week later MacEwan and Major were sentenced to 14 years in penitentiary for manslaughter. Frost received eight years and MacEwan seven. MacEwan, who had pleaded guilty to assisting a policeman on duty, was sentenced to six months in jail and three months' probation in a provincial reformatory.

These are the bare details of the story. Almost everything else connected with the case is open to question — and the questions have never been properly answered. If they are it will be thanks largely to the efforts of one man. Because, for all its murky irregularities, the Hamilton murder story is not without its hero: the *Star's* Brooks, court reporter for the *Hamilton Spectator*, the city's only daily newspaper.

Brooks, a short, energetic 43-year-old Yorktonian, could never be confused with Clark Kent. But he has spent his career covering the courts and he knows his job like the

back of his hand. He made a tough court case, a refusal to be cowed that is the stamp of the very best newspapermen. A couple of years ago he won an Ontario Journalism Award for his exposure of a badly conducted rape trial.

In many ways, the *Spectator* doesn't deserve Brooks. In attempting to discover the truth behind last year's inquiry, the reporter had to contend not only with right-lipped defense lawyers and dissembling by police, but also with a surprising degree of indifference on the part of his own newspaper. The *Spectator* never took a stand on aspects of the case that was beginning to bother Brooks and he received little editorial encouragement for his view that the police version of events contained less than the full truth. At one stage Brooks was forced to write a letter to his own editor pointing out serious facts. This letter was duly published.

Brooks was first tipped off about the story behind the story by an anonymous telephone call he received four days after the shooting. At this time



THE JUDGE

Provincial judge Robert Morrison banned both press and public from the preliminary hearing of a murder charge. The first time this had happened in Canadian history.



THE VICTIMS

The trial concerned the street-brawl deaths of a victim and a plain clothes policeman. Both were shot by Markham police revolutionaries.



THE ACCUSED

Originally, capital murder charges were laid against John MacEwan (in white shirt above) and his party guests: James Major (top left), Douglas MacEwan (top right), John

MacEwan. The first four later pleaded guilty to manslaughter, MacEwan is accused.



THE REPORTER WHO CRACKED THE CASE

Stuart Brooks of the *Hamilton Spectator* became disturbed about certain features of the case and broke his story in *Maclean's*.

"What upset me most was that the police had been drinking. You like to think everyone has a fair chance, right or wrong, and this is why you have a jury. It was not left to a jury to decide guilt or innocence after hearing all the evidence?"

police spokesman were saying exactly that two officers had been attacked by six or more men who rushed out from a party in a house under observation. There was considerable public sympathy for the police. The American had launched a fund for the education of Sgt. McMurphy's children and was supplying a daily list of contributions.

The telephone officer, who later identified himself, seemed to be a close friend of the police officer originally in charge of the case. Brooks was confused by his no connection with the accused and promised him anonymity. The informant said that the two sergeants who formed the special burglary squad had been hearing McChane and his friends for months deflating their car tires, pouring water in gas tanks and dropping metal shavings into a truck containing the car. The squad had been engaged in such activities on the night the fight started.

The officer also told Brooks that some members of the squad had been drinking before and during the fight. He also added that when the two sergeants directly involved in the fracas were accused by the accused men, they had drawn their revolvers and fired warning shots at the direction of the officers.

Brooks then drove out to the McClane house on East 27th Street. McClane by himself, Fred's car, a Ford Mustang, owned by a recent moonshiner. During the seven days of the investigation, the two trace trials was indeed filed. From that point on Brooks began to dig in earnest. He interviewed witnesses who had seen the fight and he saw the residence of the frightened and wary relatives of the accused.

The picture he began to fit together was largely confirmed when the testimony taken at the secret hearing was finally made available to the public. "When we're confronted with the prosecution's version of the case, we're usually given up hope that the full story of the Hamilton murder would ever emerge. McClane's stricken Brooks' role and revealed themselves in a way. We are convinced that what follows is as close to the truth of what actually happened that night as anybody is ever likely to get."

For two members of the squad, the evidence shows, the evening began in a lower town. McChane and Sgt. Gordon Street spent an hour and a half in the Worcester House, eating with the police and hoping to learn about a truckload of frozen turkeys stolen the night before. McChane had four glasses of beer while he sat with Street and an unknown quantity while the policemen were sitting at separate tables.

Later in the evening all five members of the squad—McChane, Kelle, Street, Sgt. Richard Perry and Staff Sgt. Steve McMorris, the leader—set off in a cab for a 15-minute trip to the high-rise town of the city. Their mission was to check the layout of a shopping plaza where they suspected a break-in might occur. In fact, however, they decided to go on a party being held in a service garage by an acquaintance of Mr. McMorris. The squad leader later testified that he consumed two pots of beer in the garage. "I passed out a bit but what we wanted, there was whiskey available and beer."

Analysis of a blood sample taken from McChane's body showed that it had an alcohol content of 0.07 percent, equivalent to six or seven ounces of liquor, a level of drink that should not impair the ability of an officer to control his own behavior. The important level in driving cases. An expert forensic scientist testified that McChane's blood-alcohol level would have been much higher—at least 0.08 percent—had he been drinking. Samples taken from Kelle's body showed a blood-alcohol reading of 0.27 percent—indicating that he was heavily intoxicated. No sample of Sgt. Kelle's blood was taken until 24 hours after the shooting. The test proved negative.

What happened after the squad left the garage drinking party late in the evening of the case. The police claim they continued their journey to Kensington and didn't return to Hamilton until 1 a.m. Conversely, the shopping plaza they say they visited happened to be visited on that night by two Burlington policemen, concerned in a case. The Burlington officers told defense lawyers they did not see the two-colored Hamilton driver with live men in it. Defense lawyers implied

that the Burlington men were a fibber. They suggested that during the period the squad was back in Hamilton, mingling with the men belonging to McClane's gang.

Certainly somewhere was muddling about a truckload of frozen turkeys of the McClane's. Mrs. Laura Turner placed out of her bedroom window the two two-berry men lurking down the lists of two cars parked in front of her house. The details of her description of the men could fit Sgt. James McChane and Kelle. When Mrs. Turner looked out of the window and observed the case later. She then saw a third man get out of a "black and white" car. He had no lights, get back in, and drove away. Audrey Street Mrs. Turner telephoned the police and a few minutes later a uniformed constable arrived in a car with flashing lights.

The police have said that Mrs. Turner originally called the two men in as "youths" and the suspect car as "dark." She denies both these points. For one thing, Brooks is able to confirm that the current prosecution "youths" properly and never onto the word.

Meanwhile the party in the McClane house was in full swing. It was a report of a nearby party McClane's cousin, Wyndham, had been invited. Saturday the previous year. There was plenty to drink but no fireworks. About an hour after midnight the guests began to look into the large hall and back to the kitchen. The men had prepared. They had just finished eating when somebody noticed the patrol car with flashing lights.

Mrs. McClane left the party to find out what was going on. She called the police. She returned with the news of Mrs. Turner. She had seen Fred and Major then went out to check their cars and found them had been deflated on both vehicles. In addition, the McChane's were had been engaged on Fred's engine. The two men then spoke to Mrs. Turner, asking if the word help identify anyone suspected of having the damage. They complained that the police had been there and were on previous occasions.

Back at the McClane party a brooding resentment had set in. By the time McChane and Kelle were spotted

working past the house a few minutes before 1 a.m., the crew were ready to explode. They piled out onto the street, shouting at the two sergeants. The policemen opened the shouts at first but the attackers caught up with them and there was a brief flurry of hits. The sergeants broke back and then, in a swirl of fury, a series of blows, drew their guns and began backing slowly down Crockett Street toward the Sunoco station.

Several warning shots were fired, one of them wounding McChane, but the shooting only seemed to make the drunken men angrier. All five point McChane is said to have yelled, "McChane, you bastard. I am going to kill you." When they reached the Sunoco lot, the attackers continued to separate the sergeants and closed in. Kelle is testified that he heard Major say, "Get his gun. Did you get it? Give it to me." Brooks was shot in the back, the sergeant said, in a wild-headed struggle for the police revolver. It was then that one McChane was killed but Kelle said he saw McChane "leaping" on the other sergeant's prostate body.

Kelle testified that after the shooting he "fired for the life" with Fred in pursuit. But an independent witness contradicted this. Leroy Edward Neff, who lives near the service station, testified that he saw Kelle and Fred in a "Molotov cocktail" fire. He saw Kelle and Fred in a "Molotov cocktail" fire. He saw Kelle and Fred in a "Molotov cocktail" fire.

As he passed through the vicinity of the scene, Neff remained convinced that the full details would be brought into the open at the preliminary hearing. He had no way of knowing that one of the most important trials in the country, the capital case must be seen to be done, was about to be finished. That decision came about after defense counsel heated publicly they would seek a change of venue on the grounds that the city's publicity campaign was so inflammatory that the trial would be unfair. Hamilton was unfavorable to the accused. In court, however, the Crown invited the defense to ask Judge Morrison to hold a closed session. They did and the judge then ordered the room cleared of all but the accused and the essential court officers.

Brooks and reporter Bill Shopp from radio station CHML, reacted on staying in their seats. The judge again ordered the room cleared. The judge asked for them to get in touch with their own advisors and to speak to lawyer Judge Morrison replied that such a course of action was open to them but



The scene of the shooting. The McClane house is on the corner of Crockett Street and East 27th. The Sunoco station is on the corner of Crockett Street and East 27th. The Hamilton house is on the corner of Crockett Street and East 27th. The McClane house is on the corner of Crockett Street and East 27th.

nevertheless they must leave or be fairly evicted.

As he left the courtroom, Brooks was convinced that the other journalists' establishment in Canada would adapt in fury when it heard the news. As it happened, the St. Catharines Standard was the only newspaper sufficiently disbarred to run an editorial protesting the decision. The Spectator did not even risk legal representation. It was left to a lawyer retained by CHML to put the case for the press records.

Judge Morrison remained adamant. How could he be called a secret court, he asked, when there was nothing to prevent reporters from remaining on the scene? He said that the news of what had gone on? In other words, our court system could be run on the basis of public relations headlines. The pitfalls are obvious.

"The situation for the next eight days made me physically ill," says Brooks. "There was a fairly intense police presence during the trial of the people's court. Opposite him, on a concrete narrowway, were the wives of the accused. They would patiently day after day, unable to know what was happening to their men. And at the end of it all Judge Morrison signed the official record saying that the evidence had been taken before him 'in open court in the presence of the accused.'"

Notably, entirely not Brooks, is denying that the case took part in a secret session and showed the public. Now is there any doubt that they were valid subjects for police scrutiny. But the fact remains that such a course of the evidence takes at the

secret hearing was never presented to a jury. The men were handled all in a preliminary trial with only a half trial. Mrs. Turner, who had previously respected the police, put it this way: "What upset me most was that the police had been drinking. You like to think that everyone has a fair chance, right or wrong, and this is why you have a jury. It was not left to a jury, that's a fact, to decide guilt or innocence after hearing all the evidence."

It can be argued that the only function of a hearing or a trial is to dispose of the charge against the accused. Simply speaking this is true but it's also arguable that hearings and trials have a secondary function: to clear the air and remove doubts. What makes the Hamilton murder case so disturbing is that a series of events, many of them not particularly irregular in themselves, combined to defeat the secondary purpose of the trial. There are still too many questions marked with doubt over the case.

The most important question of all concerns the future quality of justice in this country. Will there be more secret hearings? The laws relating to preliminary inquiries have recently been changed. The accused in two years may now request that evidence not be published until after discharge or trial. However, it is not the intention of the new legislation to ban newspapers from the courts. Yet the sections of the Criminal Code that make that possible are still on the books and, as long as they remain, the principle of open justice is in jeopardy.

Perhaps the best insight on the Hamilton case comes from the words of what happened in a similar case in Britain two years ago. By coincidence it occurred in Brooks' native Yorkshire. At the preliminary hearing of a murder charge, the accused was asked to have sworn witness statements handed in instead of giving verbal testimony. When the case came to trial, the man pleaded guilty and was given a suspended sentence. The case was a sham, a sham, a sham, no evidence.

The next day virtually the entire British press was united in a chorus of complaint. Within three days the subject was being debated in the House of Commons. The case was also the Lord Chief Justice rose in the Lords and announced that, although what had happened was legally correct, the spirit of the law had been violated. He ordered a complete new trial. It should be said that the case was being conducted by the same judge as the second trial, but only after a full account had been heard by the press and the public.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE CRUISER



There were two women for every man among the 600 people who sailed in search of romance aboard the Twin-Screw Steamship Olympia. They each paid \$195 in the hope that a magic IBM 360/50 computer could pick them a compatible shipmate for six happy days at sea. Did it work? Maclean's ALAN EDMONDS went aboard to find out

THE MORNING AFTER the night before, Jan Baldwin sat on deck, his aching head being stroked by the girl he had met over a double Zorba in the lower TSS Olympia's stateroom just the other day at 3 a.m. Six days later he was in roughly the same state and with the same girl as the ship steamed back up the East River — not Baldwin took a measure of malicious glee in that fact because it wasn't at all the way the computer had planned things. The computer had rated all 624 of us aboard — matched us up for snags, pain for year, prejudice for prejudice. And the girl still stroking Jan Baldwin's head was not on his match list. She didn't compute. "It so happens that I am a computer engineer," said Baldwin. "Some of my best friends are computers, but I wouldn't trust one to choose me a

Photographs by HORST DRAGHIT

LONELINESS

Continued

data. You can't program a computer for chemistry."

For perhaps one third of the passengers, the voyage of the Greek Line's 188 (Twin-Screw Steamship) Olympia had first week of October was a triumph of sex (or at least of chemistry) over science. It was the world's second cruise ship designed by Operation Match, a Long Island introduction agency that uses an IBM 360/38 to do a mathematical Freud of the answers to 110 questions from "How old are you?" through "What race are you?" and "How sexually experienced are you?" to "Who do you address most, Elmore or Honey Ford?" — and, her spokeswoman, also covers the names of Miss or Mr. Right, whichever you prefer.

A voyage on which all the passengers are single, and presumably wish they weren't, is the latest innovation in the booming romance business, which is luring the slackers first of all from Atlantic liners to business flying between New York and the Caribbean. Cruises are increasingly bigger business on the west coast and near Miami, but it is New York where the real action is and, as it had to make a week aboard ship even more attractive, shipping lines have even begun to specialize. There are cruises for bridge players, golfers, tennis enthusiasts. Some cruises are designed to appeal to journeymen, some to retired boys who want to see as many places as possible, some to those of us who simply have a passion for the artificial ocean of the shore ship, which is less out from the actual restraints and patterns of living. These last cruises don't go anywhere, except out to sea and back.

The spring/summer cruise (there's another in May) focuses on a problem, not a problem. One man craves, there are about 50 of us, say, 600 passengers who are unattached — and that not because everyone else is married or otherwise mated. As Carolyn Gerard of Windsor, Ontario, said to explain her presence aboard the 188 Olympia, "I'm a single girl just as lonely, she wants to meet a compatible male, and vice versa." And there, the word "mergle" has become a brave synonym for the situation of men and women left alone, and lonely, either by circumstances or the cruel laws of natural selection. In a world where togetherness has become an ideal, it is hard to adjust to loneliness — to be lonely is almost a social sin.

But by taking a twilight cruise (\$195 to share a modest cabin to the bowhead of the ship, \$310 for a sun-deck suite), everyone aboard was trying implicitly. "I want to be met," the IBM 360/38 of Operation Match was supposed to make



Youth could
always find romance on the
cruise; the older
women were happy just
to find a dancing or
drinking partner

it that much easier by dividing who was compatible with whom. At least that was the theory. But things started getting rather unscientific from the moment passengers began boarding the ship late Friday evening. That was when Ivo Ball was met the girl he was to date all week. In fact, it was when most of the younger and better packaged passengers had found their missing. At one 22-year-old Miami divorcee was to explain later, there was a frantic feeling that if you didn't meet someone the first night, you were a failure.

Most people didn't, of course, but even so it was immediately obvious that there were about twice as many women as men aboard and that the number of truly beautiful people was somewhat limited. There was an air almost of frenzy about the noisy, portable book that moved around the liner's five bars until it was 3 a.m. and the House of Liberty, flooded, it was on the barboard bow and —

"Look, let's level with one another — I'm not into sex."

"Yes."

But it wasn't all like that. For from it, and it wasn't until next afternoon, the first day it was that Operation Match began to compensate the work already done by the process of natural selection. Midway between New York and Bermuda, passengers were called to the ship's theater to be told the rules of the game by Stephen Michaels, 48-year-old father and president of Operation Match, Inc., Great Neck, Long Island. He talked about alienation and people being uptight about meeting others, and said that the computer system should work perfectly because there weren't enough women — and certainly not enough men — for everyone to find true compatibility. But it was to be said, a great social hiccup and all in all, he said, there was no bad chuck (a week being in good luck) in my life and that we should now go get our lot of suitable computer-mated pairs.

Thereafter, we could — and many did — wear little name tags asking "Am I in your life?" and could seek out our matches in other ways suitably by sending "diagrams" on yellow-pink paper to one another's cabins.

Carolyn Gerard, the 30-year-old divorcee and mother of three from Windsor, was most obliging then most. Somehow she met all six of the men on her outside list but noddily interested in one of them — then was introduced to Steve Barth, a New Yorker with whom she didn't compare and with whom she chose to spend the rest of the cruise. Whenever I saw them he would announce they were "having a ball, man,

having a ball." "Look," said Carolyn on the last day, "I don't have any female friends, people, and I'm not looking for the perfect mate, just a real nice fellow to be with. I've been divorced for six years now and I've had a couple of prospects that I was going to make my mind up about on this trip. Well, now I've met Steve and I'm with the computer and I don't think I'm going to be making my mind up for a while."

Others had difficulty meeting with their mates. One doctor from Minneapolis said that going around looking over the shoulders of men made him feel like a little hotel insurance broker. Al Haggis, from Windsor, Ont., a Falstaffian widower, said there was no way he could meet all of the 17 women on his list and so he had dropped it to the 10th, who was a good dancer. One man had a switch list of 13 names — of other men. And a girl with a heavy Boston accent showed cruise organizer Michael Hermine, the computerist, the complete list mailed her with her ex-boyfriend, who was also aboard.

With a limited choice of "mates" for any of us, Operation Match programmer Barry Christian, a 25-year-old bachelor, was obliged to ignore some vital signs of the heart. One Little America girl reported her mate but because many were Catholics. A comfortably plump divorcee in her mid-30s who shared my horticultural table found the first man on her list was black and the fourth was a spoiled wife who led her, putting her down, on a hike across Bermuda, "which means there's something wrong between the most attractive thing I do is run for the bus out of a town." Then there was Carolyn, Katherine — and certainly not enough men — for everyone to find true compatibility. But it was to be said, a great social hiccup and all in all, he said, there was no bad chuck (a week being in good luck) in my life and that we should now go get our lot of suitable computer-mated pairs.

The Olympia reached Bermuda on Sunday afternoon, about 10 hours out of New York. Both Hermine and I had already happened back off to explore an island which, because of its location and beauty, is one of the more unspoiled paradises of the northern hemisphere. Elsewhere, the mating — and re-mating — went on aboard ship or on the beach and best levels of the island.

By then Lady Evans, 39, of Burlington, Ont., had what seems to have been a not untypical experience. "I had 10 names on my list but we didn't seem to get a conversation out of the lips until I started and being shy, and they were shy, too. I guess. On Bermuda, I'd be and her

two roommates — both strangers and the cruise began — did better. All three were dated by then they met on the island. Back before Lady Evans of the swinging singles aboard the Olympia (average age was reportedly 31.4 years), later said in wonderment, "I am very surprised it wasn't for race reasons. At home I am really very shy."

The real Cinderella were the older women, who hardly outnumbered men in that age range. For them, the cruise was often a failure. One meeting in one of the ship's bars, the lady who had been dropped by a white of five energetic ladies in their 30s and used as a singer during parties — and lady passing me on to another as the finished her turn. On the last day, a lady who runs a chain of hamburger stands in Montreal said in disgust, "Look, ladies my eye aren't husband hunting. We want to have a date and a drink and a ball. On other cruises, foremen are assigned to you most couples and the old single men and the single women in a group fight — we don't do that. I've got the same list of men as three other ladies. And one man I met is a Roman Catholic priest from Montreal, who came along to keep an eye on a friend who is very open because he's gay and I'm not."

At Al Haggis said, "The idea of the cruise is just beautiful, but the organizers have to find a way of having people meet one another without going through the machinery of meeting mates, or waiting up and asking, 'Are you on my list?'" Operation Matchman (Barry Christian, after a brief week trying single-handedly to compensate for the lack of men aboard), said he thought that in future cruises he would be more successful in introducing older people to one another more gracefully.

"When you are the way the younger people serve, it's hard to remember that men are going to be very shy," he said. "None of them would ever admit it, but they're all here because they need to meet people, and our job is to make sure there are no barriers to that." In fact, that Christian was unnecessarily polite — as was the Greek Line PR man who worried that I would need companions in writing of my fellow passengers. In fact, at least a third of them — a very sizable set, at 3 a.m., middle third — wrote no sympathy and no help from them.

The others — well, the others included a crew-of account from Chicago whose wife had died and who now, at 40, sat alone in the sun-deck bar and applied to the crew for a new woman to meet. So we led him to two women and said "well! the weather just got it."



Wiser's DE LUXE

Compare the age
of 10 year old
Wiser's De Luxe
with any other whisky
in its price class.

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That's it. When I start with Mervin
merely you take it from the top
with Row, row

JOHN VANDER

LONELINESS continued

and four days later he was still talking to them. And there was the musician from Philadelphia, Garfunkel, brown suit, yellow tie, who said that it wasn't difficult to meet people. "You've got to study some on the subject," he said. "You've got to have a bit of a philosophy. What? Well, just walk across to the ladies and ask them how they are and what sort of a day they've had and you'd be surprised how they like it. Learn to smile at yourself a little." But mostly the musician got drunk. Alone.

If you didn't look, you heard, the TSS Olympia was a poly ship, that cruise. The girls giggled and the men enjoyed their rarity and where the men shortage got too bad the crew — unethically of course — lent a hand. But underneath it was a ship of fools. At the talk over got beyond the month end and the wild old time everyone had last night, which it didn't often, you found a trail of divorces and separations and jilted lovers and heartbreakers. And, if it wasn't one of these, then it was a loneliness that was almost tangible and only barely disguised.

Chicago Today newspaper sent a young, handsome reporter on the cruise. He spent the week observing, maintaining considerable discretion. As the trip ended and the Instant Society cruise aboard cruise ships began to fry at the edges, he explained he was eligible for the assignment because he was single. He was single, he said, because his fiancée had run off with someone else three weeks earlier, though after a week aboard the Olympia he felt a lot better, thank you very much.

Mr. I'm married I joined the Canada Evidence Act, Section 4, subsection 3. (2)

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Hugh Hood is a Montreal novelist, a hockey fanatic and, as he says, "a reasonably good skater for a man of 40 in moderately good shape." Here, from a book to appear shortly, is his first-person report on an experience any hockey fan would envy—a workout with and lesson from Jean Béliveau. This may just be the most vivid account that you will ever read of just what it is that constitutes

THE HIGH ART OF PLAYING HOCKEY

Author Hood is not only prolific (four books published, a third novel scheduled for winter this spring), but a writer with a sharp eye for unique angles. In Strength Down Centre: The Jean Béliveau Story, from which this excerpt is taken, Hood takes readers right out on the ice to study close-up a hockey superstar in action. The book (copyright © 1989-1970 by Prentice-Hall) of Canada Ltd.) will be released in English and French language editions early in February. Sam Tate took the Béliveau-Hood photos above. Hood's wife Norrene snapped the pictures starting on page 50. (From the arena stands and during Béliveau's visit to the Rhode house.)

On a Sunday morning in June we arranged for some uninterrupted ice time at the Town of Mount Royal Arena. The idea was that I would watch Jean Béliveau closely as he worked through the deft phases of skating and playmaking (i.e., from the vintage point of the ice). Garry Patterson, Jean's business adviser, came along too, and released his ice. You don't get the same view of Jean, even from a seat at rinkside, that you do when you're playing with him—it's a totally different impression.

We weren't wearing uniforms or equipment, just shirts and trousers, so it didn't take much time to dress. Jean finished lacing his skates and stood up. He had to duck his head going through the dressing-room door. Jean is so-there, and the skates add about two inches to his height.

When I came out to the ice, Jean was already skating around in the style of a pitiless skater, somebody whose you might see at any city park on a winter afternoon skating for fun. He was playing how much he enjoys skating from the way he moved—everybody has seen a man like that at a neighborhood park who simply loves skating for his own sake because he's good at it and because it's a tremendously pleasurable activity in itself. That's an element that even a keen analyst of hockey might miss—the sheer physical pleasure of the basic activity involved. Some other sports require such intense, painful, concentrated effort (often because the physical movements involved aren't natural to the human body) that whatever pleasure re-





BELIVEAU continued

with comes mainly from the competition that hockey is built as a physical action that is a delight in itself, and you could tell that by watching Jean that morning in the TMR Arena. He skates in a way that tells you at once that he just damn well loves to skate, enjoys it, would do it as often as he could, even after 30 years of amateur and professional hockey.

The first bit wasn't making the hockey-player's moves. He was turning from back to front, strutting his legs out far, relaxing and glancing himself and looking more like a figure skater than I'd ever seen him. I noticed, watching him in those first minutes, that if he hadn't been a hockey player he might have been the greatest of classical figure skaters. The whole rhythm and flow of skating changes when you take away the hockey stick, plenty of hockey players lose their grace and balance without it. Jean simply looked, if anything, more stylish and graceful without the stick than with it.

I asked Jean to begin by taking slow warm-up strides. He was skating pretty upright, standing steady even.

I said, "I thought you bent over a bit more, didn't you once in a while?"

"Not at the beginning of my warm-up stride, here's how you begin."

He was taking subtle short strides, looking the legs slightly at the knees and moving from both the knees and the thighs, quite loosely, almost as if he were walking.

"If you come on to the ice," he said, "and start moving your fastest immediately, you're taking the risk of a muscle pull, in the groin or the calf. And you don't want to put too much strain on your knees at the start of a workout."

Like was taking subtle short strides, looking the legs slightly at the knees and moving from both the knees and the thighs, quite loosely, almost as if he were walking. "If you come on to the ice," he said, "and start moving your fastest immediately, you're taking the risk of a muscle pull, in the groin or the calf. And you don't want to put too much strain on your knees at the start of a workout. Like trouble, his feet were good hockey players than almost anything else. I like to move around slowly, and pretty upright, at the beginning. As a matter of fact, during the first three or four days of training camp, the thing to get warm-up in the lower part of my back from the bending forward that you have to do when you're going full out."

*"That's tough on the right
facing only with Beliveau —
meaner Jean Beliveau —
was Norman Macle. 'Macle'
has been playing for four
years in an amateur
businessmen's hockey league.
He's pretty good.
But against Beliveau —
he'll be mad."*

I said, "I think of your skating stride as one that keeps you bent well over, with your head and shoulders out in front of your torso."

"It's head. But you have to remember not to get over too far forward because it can begin to cut off your breathing. A skater where in a tight crouch will get winded much more quickly than somebody who's never over. So your first few minutes are like this, easy, not pushing too hard."

"Where does the power in your stride come from, from those big muscle groups at the back of the leg?"

"The push comes from there, but there's another element of your stride, a kicking or stepping action, from the knee. I think the power comes from your push, and the quickness from the knee and the muscles above the knee in front of the leg. I think the big muscle development on Yvan Cournoyer's legs, just above the knee, is where he gets his quickness. The speed with which you can kick and unfurl those knees, with that kicking action, is even more important than the strength of your push."

He began to skate a little faster, and I began to feel myself struggling and sweating. "Okay, Jean," I said, "let's see you let it out a bit."

He was gone. Like that.

•• It was as though he'd pressed a switch, or turned a key. He just moved his whole rib cage slightly forward and down, leaned a bit and left me. What this change reminded me of most was the shifting action in an automobile transmission — there's a faint whir and bump and then you're in a new speed range ••

I was now skating as fast as I could, and the gap between us widened and widened, until Jean was moving at least twice as fast as I was. It was as though he'd pressed a switch or turned a key. He just moved his whole rib cage slightly forward and down, leaned a bit, and left me. What this change reminded me of most was the shifting action in an automatic transmission — there's a faint whir and bump and then you're in a new speed range. As Jean moved from the relaxed warm-up skating into something approximating point speed (approximating it, that is, if no time was to be extending himself) there was a qualitative change in his motion — the difference between the professional and the amateur of modest ability. This is a real difference, not just one of degree.

When we'd done about five minutes of warm-up, he began to show me some of the other aspects of his skating style. He swung around to skating backward, then to the front again, then backward. I noticed that whenever he started around he did it with his weight on his left foot.

"Do you always do that?"

"I do it instinctively when I'm not in a game. And I think that I'd turn from forward to backward on the left foot in a game. But to move from backward to forward in a game — you've got to be able to do that on either foot. If you're trying to freestyle on the front of the net, and the puck-stopper comes out to your right, you've got to be able to turn to that side, instant or so instant. I imagine that everybody feels more comfortable on one side or other. I'm not giving away any secrets when I tell you that I swing around more easily with my weight to the left."

"Would that make any difference in actual play?"

"I think it may make some difference. It's easier to pick some players' weak sides than it is others, and naturally you'll try to exploit them where you can. But you can't keep a book on the players."



These men rub some people the wrong way.

Haggart, Brathwaite, Keeney, McKinnis, Porter, Fisher and Cowie. They really rub some people the wrong way. And occasionally we receive a call from someone so angry at one of our columnists that they cancel their subscription. We're sorry about that. We hate to lose a reader. But we would have even more to have to abdicate our responsibility as a newspaper... our responsibility to present every side to every story and safeguard the freedom of opinion. One of the best ways to do so would be to muzzle our columnists.

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● Jean's stick action at the face-off is difficult to describe. When I watched it happen, the comparison that immediately occurred to me was the motion of a small snake's tongue — so fast you can barely see it. He must have wrists of incredible strength and sensitivity because he doesn't just get the puck, he can put it precisely where he wants it. ●

BELIVEAU continued

to hockey to the same extent you can in baseball, where the pitcher and catcher can confer and set up a whole sequence of pitches to try to take advantage of a batter's faults. Sometimes when I'm coming in on a defenseman I'll remember that he'll walk to the outside and try to go there, but that might be impossible because of the position of my wings.

"I'm interested in skating backward — it's pretty important, right?"

"Yes, a defenseman has to be able to do it without thinking about it. He'll find himself in a game skating backward as fast as he can move, without remembering how he got into that position or when."

Jean begins to move backward, crossing one foot behind the other in a rapid step, and then, switching to the defenseman's style, moving the legs from side to side in a crouch, and this was when I found out how much superior his backward skating was to my forward movement. He seemed to be aware of the precise dimensions of the rink, and so I feel no need to look behind him to see where he was going.

He said, "I know where I am from what's in front of me. You get a sense after a while of how much space you've got to move in. And you know where the other players are supposed to be. You can move backward pretty freely in a game."

"And you do that when you're face-offing?"

"Only occasionally. But a defenseman will skate backward almost as much as forward in a game, and it's much more important to him than it is to a center or a wing."

Watching him move like that, going around back to front at high speed and talking to me at the same time, began to make me feel slightly dizzy. I said,

"Show me the right way to stop."

He was so a shopper of ice with his skates, doing something I'd never noticed before. Most ordinary skaters, braking while moving forward, will turn their knees to right or left and brake with the blades of their skates parallel, so that their skates exert an equal braking force. The natural result of this is a dead stop, and a second motion is required to begin

skating again. Jean doesn't do this. When he stops, the rear foot, almost always the left foot, exerts the braking force. He rocks the blade of the skate from toe to heel, almost like a dance step, with the forward foot barely swinging on the ice. Doing it this way, he finishes up as though he were still in motion — poised with his weight in balance ready to swing off on to the next course. He doesn't seem to try to jam on his blades, but rather to swing to a stop, so that the stop is only a moment's pause before a new action begins. The rocking action of the rear skate lifts his weight, as though he were making an almost invisible jump from a springboard, at the end of the movement. This is because the actual game is played in this way — no one should change between a stop and a new start, they should flow right into each other.

"It all comes from that rear foot," Jean said, "and the forward foot is like a rudder or a wing, a guide more than anything else. Often you don't come to a full stop between whistles. Most of the time you have to go in a new direction at once. So you move right through your stop and push up and off. Doing what you do is a good exercise, stopping completely and starting up again. I don't do it during the pre-game warm-up, but in practice I'll do plenty of stops and starts for my mind, they really take it out of you. Another exercise that I use all the time is to skate around the rink at the warm-up stop, then when I come to the blue line I'll go as hard as I can to the next blue line, then slow down and make my turn, then go hard from blue line to blue line. That regulates game conditions very closely. You're changing speeds without thinking about it during a game, and you need to be able to shift gears, so to speak, without having to think about it. Any change in speed should come as a surprise to your check, so you have to be able to change without giving any sign that you're going to do it. I think the Rocket had the best change of pace I've ever seen. You'd think he'd be going all out, when all at once he'd burst over that blue line so fast you wouldn't believe it was the same man. It's something you simply have to be able to do without having to think about it."



That's perhaps the really remarkable thing about Jean's style: its completely natural and apparently unconscious. He'll make adjustments in his pace and balance and the way he holds his body constantly as the demands of the workman demand, without strain or effort. And he can do things that you have to see close up to believe, amazing feats of dexterity. Watching him, the words you might think taking a break-off a pretty simple operation, where even a mediocre player might have an almost equal chance against Jean, it isn't so.

We took eight or 10 face-offs together with Gerry Patterson dropping the puck. As the center came up to the point of the face-off, their sticks are about at the center of the red spot on the ice, with the top of the stick as close to the edge of the spot as possible. You can't put the blade of the stick into the red oval till the puck drops. A top center must get the stick made in there like a knife blade — stick under it, out — and it's hard to believe how fast Jean's stick moves. When that puck hits the ice, his blade comes in in an up, and the puck is off. I'll tell you, just where he wants it. Taking these face-offs with Jean, I was awestruck — it's the only word — at the speed of this movement, and I could understand how Yvan Courtenay could make a crucial goal against the Rangers as recently after a face-off inside the New York blue line.

Jean's stick action at the face-off is difficult to describe. When I watched it happen, the comparison that immediately occurred to me was the motion of a small snake's tongue — so fast you can barely see it. That's why Jean moves his stick, he must have wrists of incredible strength and sensitivity because he doesn't just get the puck, he can put it precisely where he wants it. I watched as clearly as I could trying to see one face-off, and I could not see any movement in his stick blade that would move the puck behind him. But that's where it was.

The movement of his wrists and the blade of the stick is, simply, too fast to see. We took one after another and Jean would call his shot — "Left wing. To the point. In front of the net. Shot on net."

That's Jean in our new video — says Noreen. I snapped the photos from our dressing-room windows. The place was jammed — people from everywhere came crowding into our place when they heard Beliveau was on tape.

And he put the puck exactly where he called it every time. Not within a foot of where he intended, exactly where he intended, just like a billiard champion. The deflection of the stick and arm and even the way he held his stick used in handling a cut, instantly conscious.

We would move into position and I'd be concentrating just as hard as I could on moving my stick in the pocket. The puck would move and I'd move my stick as fast as I could, and it wouldn't be any use. The puck would be at the blue line where the point man would pick it up. Gerry and Jean would be grinning at me.

It was the same with the passing game. A little moment that players will use in a practice or before a home-league or minor-league game is to stand usually 10 feet apart and start passing the puck back and forth from one to another, gradually moving back so that the distance between the players is to make the pass so fast along the ice and as simple, sharp, as possible. You try to get that good wrist action going for you so that the puck has some tap on it, and you try to tap it right on the other guy's blade. You can't just receive the puck as it comes back to you, cradling it carefully by moving your stick blade over it as it comes in. The trick is to use that puck back on to your blade with no hops at all, so that the puck will come to you low control. Standing more or less still like that, you can pass pretty precisely — better than you might in a game. It's fun to do and it's very good for the wrists.

Beau's games were beautiful — it's the only word — in their precision and their extraordinary force. It was their force that really got me. Ordinarily when you get one of these warm-up passes from one of your friends, it'll come in fairly all right, but you don't find it all the way up the handle of your stick and right up your arms into your shoulders. With Beliveau passes, you do. Liked he standing there, 30 feet away, plenty of light in the building, everybody getting in our way and nevertheless, I couldn't get what he was doing that was so different from what I'm used to. He was doing something, though, because the puck was coming to me with the same amazing ac-

curacy as on the face-off. I never had to move my blade. It was as though the puck were magnetized by my blade. Once or twice I'd occur that I moved my stick after Jean put the puck in motion and — I didn't understand how exactly — the puck still landed right where it should on the stick blade, a little toward the tip. Then I had a sudden wave of understanding. Just like he's done with so many real hockey players. He was making us feel good. I suddenly understood why Dick Duff says that everybody wants to play with Jean. Jean was making it possible for us to succeed in this simple play properly.

We tried making pass plays while we were in motion. When Yvan Courtenay is executing this play, Jean knows that he'll have his stick where it's supposed to be, that he won't suddenly jerk his head to one side to keep his balance, or change, or something slightly. He can, therefore, lay his pass in there exactly. With an awareness of no particular skill taking the pass, he can't be sure that his wing will be in the right spot. And yet the puck was always with within my reach — a spot where I could have anticipated the play if I'd been properly coordinated. I laughed and puffed. "Well, I'll get my mouth. Okay, I've have that again."

Then, yes, I made the mistake of twirling my stick back to pick it up behind me. Instead I passed well out of reach and banged into the corner.

"You don't need to reach back for it," Jean said. "If you've got your head turned around or you shift at the puck, you're going to get knocked down, because you won't be looking for the defenseman. You have to trust the man whose making the pass to get it well up there, so the stick is where you can see it and the defense is in the corner." "It isn't as easy as that," he said. "When it's done right it looks easy, the winger seems to put his stick on the puck without breaking stride and without changing the clemp of the play. He and the puck are moving very fast, and they've got to come together and exactly right in the NHL, you can't be close with your pass, or you've got to be dead on. The first time you tried it, the puck was in front of you, and you picked it up off the ice."

BELIVEAU

He started to come at me, and I got hypnotized. I knew what he was going to do, and considered making a move. But on skates Jean stands six-five and seeing somebody that tall and heavy bearing down on you and preparing to lean on you is disconcerting. I suddenly remembered I had a wife and children, and thought to myself, "You'd better get out of the way before you get killed."

bounds. In a game, you couldn't do that, because it wouldn't be there, the defense would have moved it out to his center. Unless the game is accurate, and the game knows how to remove it, it turns into a loose puck and possession will change hands."

I was feeling winded, so I said, "Let's take a break, and then I'll play defense on you."

We ran through one on-one defense play next. I got into position, first at left, then at right defense, and he rolled the puck on ice. I think that next to this bewildering, face-tilt, the shove to reach the puck was the most enlightening thing we did.

I used to think of slides as a recognizable, almost series of moves — a drop of the shoulder, a shift in one direction or another, a look to right or left, a dash with the stick — separate and distinguishable movements. When Jean makes a series of slides, they come so fast that they blur together, and you just don't know where the puck is. The whole series is so smoothly it's invisible. I'd heard of defenses "going tangled in their slides" but never thought it was more than a metaphor. It isn't a metaphor; it's exactly what happened to me every time he rolled the puck on ice. Just like during the face-tilt, I'd be watching him come toward me so lucrily as I could and then the funny business would start. As ready as I can figure it, he'd do an or eight different things in under two seconds and then he'd be behind me

While Aloud was among them, I failed to keep his eye on the puck above Beliveau's lightning quick work on face-off moves. The Hawks' Jean John (left) and Duquette tried their own naturally learned of their hero's moves at the other end of the ice.



It seemed to me that I'd have time to think one thing — go left, say, or go right — and by the time I'd started to do it I'd know that I was going the wrong way, try to remove myself, and find one leg going left and the other right. That's when I began to get the feeling of getting tangled in my slides.

The first time it happened, I said to myself, "I should have had a polo check." So the next time I held my stick in the left hand and shoved it way out to my left, at the same time getting down as low as I could, trying to cover as wide an area as possible. He got the puck between my legs this time.

"If you do that with your stick," he said, "there's nothing to prevent me from moving the puck through there. And I know you're not going to hit me. Another thing: you're backing much too far in. You're steering your posture. When you want to try to do it make the play to close to the defense blue line is possible. Everybody knows that. I think that sometimes it's hard to do."

"There's one other thing I'd like to try on defense," I said. "You know that play when you lean on the defenses, and control the puck with your right hand as you go around him?"

The photographs of this particular play are funny. They show Jean leaning over at an angle to his left, with his left arm crooked by his chest, with the other arm stretched way out so that the puck is out of the defenseman's area altogether. When you see the photograph, it looks as if I'd always wanted when I looked like to the defenseman in the middle of the play.

He started to come at me, and I got hypnotized. I knew what he was going to do, and considered making a move. But on skates Jean stands six-five and seeing somebody that tall and heavy bearing down on you and preparing to lean on you is disconcerting. I suddenly remembered I had a wife and children, and thought to myself, "You'd better get out of the way before you get killed." He came by me just as he did in the picture, down low to his left and you can bet I wasn't doing anything to get in his way. I couldn't have got near that puck with a bulldozer. The idea of that much

weight at that speed was the thing that persuaded me.

"I can see how you'd have a lot of success with that one," I said.

Jean said, "It's my best move," and chuckled.

We finished with some shooting exercises, working in turn on each of the three fundamental shots: the slapshot from a distance, the wrist shot from closer in, and the backhand.

Jean began with his slapshot. Of the different shots, the slapshot is probably the most misunderstood by young players, who usually try for power at the expense of accuracy.

"It's no good at all if you can't get it on the net," Jean kept saying. "Plenty of players will get the puck up above their heads on the backswing, and then move it through the puck as hard as they can, like driving a golf ball or swinging for home runs. Now even on golf or baseball a shorter and more controlled swing will give you greater accuracy, and you aren't on skates. It things to avoid that if you're moving fast on ice when you swing you'll rock all the accuracy you can get. Otherwise, your shot will be hanging off the boards, 10 feet from the net — which just means a loose puck and possession for the defending team. What you want to do with a slapshot is to combine power and accuracy."

He shot several times with pinpoint accuracy, calling the target each time. "Upper-left corner, upper-right corner, left side low, right side low." He could get it anywhere he liked, and his backswing was very short. The blade of the stick was clearing back maybe three feet, just about even with his hips, so higher I spotted something else. The blade of his stick went sweeping through the puck completely uncontested. As the blade came down to the ice, the lower edge right on the ice surface, just before the point of impact, Jean made a slight adjustment to the angle of the blade, like a golfer who is about to swing under the ball in a trap.

There was the slightest little wobble in there, just enough to put some additional control on the puck. That movement didn't slow up the stick's motion at all but it was perceptible — it was getting



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*The film and his workshop
are in our garden. That's
our Jean: to Jean's right
are Mrs. Norman Reed
and Evelyn de Jean. To the
left are neighborhood
children — they just
spring out of the ground.*

BELIVEAU continued

the face of the stick blade more "open."

"Maybe I'm taking something off the power of the shot when I do that," Jean said. "That you have to remember that I'm not taking anything from the blue line or beyond it. I'm usually shooting from 30 feet away or less. The defenseman who's skating away from the point may be helping for a deflection more than anything else. He just wants to be around the net, hoping that the man in blue will get his stick on it. Plenty of goals are scored like that. But when I shoot, I'm usually in pretty good scoring position, and I'm shooting to score, not looking for a deflection. Not many people have noticed that little adjustment I put in there. I do it instinctively, I think, in an attempt to put a little hook on the puck — to make the shot a bit livelier, not just a dead straight line."

"Do you do that on all the different shots?"

"With the wrist shot everybody does it, I believe. There's just the same blading action on the wrist motion, and you're much more conscious of the way the puck flies on your blade. When I take a slapshot, that stick might be so close unconsciously or not at all. But with the wrist motion, I can feel a much greater degree of control over the puck. The wrist shot is the most important shot, I think, and the one young players should concentrate on."

"When I go out to the rink on winter afternoons," I said, "I sit in kids' hockey alleys off the boards."

"It's an aggressive stance," Jean said, "and I guess it shows off your strength, but you want to score with it as much as with the wrist. That banging noise tells the story. When the puck goes in the net, you don't hear any banging."

He started flicking wrist shots from around 25 feet out. Actually, I shouldn't say he was flicking wrist shots, because he doesn't use a flicking lifting motion. That would put too much lift on the puck and reduce its speed and liveliness. Like a good golfer or baseball player, he seems to roll his wrist to impart power. The flicking action is too jerky and hesitant to result in either accuracy or smooth power.

"For a left-hand shot like me," he

said, "the left hand, the hand further down the stick, is the power hand, and the right is the control hand. When you roll your wrists, you shouldn't jerk the stick and lift the blade, or you may top the shot. And if you dip too far under the puck it may simply flip into the air. It's a pretty delicate adjustment, and you only learn to make it after long practice. As for all shooting goals, the best advice I can give is to practice the smooth wrist shot more than anything else. It's the shot that will get more results than any other."

"It isn't a looping shot," Jean said, and it has to come fast. The backhand, that's different. Most of the time when you're shooting from the backhand, you'll be off balance and in a hurry, usually because you've gone to the backhand to evade somebody who's checking you closely. And the whole physical momentum of the shot is reversed. Instead of that lower-down power hand pushing the stick, it's pulling it or snapping it. It's potentially impossible to get the same power as a backhand shot on or a forehand, and nobody uses it by choice. It's a strategic move, and it has to be more of a sweep or a flick than anything else. Even at that you can get something on it if you work at it. It needs to be used and as you can manage. I think the most important thing with the backhand is not to lift it too much. A really fine backhand like Red Beaudry's can look almost like a forehand, and it's usually a short sweep of the blade, not a flick."

"One special kind of backhand comes when you've had to come in very close to get the goalie to move and you've gone by him. If you've got the reach you can go to your backhand and make the puck to the open side. That's of course, it's more like putting than anything else. You don't want to whisk at the puck, a little tap will do it. Whack at it in a hurry and you may bounce it against the goalpost. It is close to what you want complete accuracy. You just show the goalie the puck on your forehand and when he moves you draw it back to you, go to the backhand and go to the open side."

I no longer Jean do exactly that hundreds of times in practice, what it

looked so relaxed and easy that I figured that I could do it myself. After this Sunday-morning session my eyes were opened, and I knew that the play as he described it required infinite precision and delicacy and I thought again of the smoken tongue, flicking in and out so fast that the eye couldn't follow it.

Jean was getting his skates off. "I wear a ball-size lever on the left foot!" He held out his skates for me to examine. Sure enough, the left was a mass and the right an eye-balling-shall!

"Let's use your feet," I said, and I looked at them closely. The left foot wasn't so much bigger than the right as more developed muscledly — the difference between a part of your body that you use a lot and one that you use less. "It'll be this because your left foot is doing so much more of the work in your skating. After all, you stop on the left foot most of the time you take your shot off the left foot, and you turn around to that side much more than to the right. It'll be just you're putting the weight on the left foot 80 percent of the time."

There was no doubt of it: the difference in the muscle development was obvious.

He looked at his foot with a grin. "I guess there isn't much to be done about it."

The 20 years of stopping, turning, putting weight into the shot, have left their mark physically after all. That small delivery movement seemed to me so casual, something in perfect shape, Jean and his career. Here's a man whose style in his life and his work is just about perfect, who does what he's intent to do with utter grace in a way that makes physical strain and the necessity of achievement seem invisible. And yet he too, has paid for his style and grace, the 20 years of effort have left their mark on him, even on Beliveau.

That pleasant informal work-out on the ice was one of the most unusual accounts of my life, because of the event decency and friendliness of its tone — it was a "happening" in the very best sense Jean does things so well — it sounds extravagant to say this but it's true all the time — that other people do things well, too. He makes you look good. □

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



No.

A reward for men. A delight for women. Smooth as the wind. As mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. The whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



8. You may like Hugh Maclean but you still love him more. And for that, Harry doesn't live. (If you see Thelma Houston, lose another 50 points.) If you're reading Leonard Cohen's work, add those. If you've read enough of Mordern Richter for him to be your favorite, add five Marley Callaghan in worth one point.

9. Three points for style if you wore a scrunchie. Add a point if you didn't. Deduct one for having the style if you wore it with a hair. Wearing a headband over the forehead is worth two points. And now is the time for wearing more than two rings; add one.

10. If you have ever been mistaken for the opposite sex, you can add two. But lose four if you liked it.

11. Two points for wanting to get into the act. Leaving before the movie starts gives you one. Leaving after the movie starts gives you three. Three points for wanting a person who can take his or her clothes off and still look great.

12. If you know who Edwidge Cleaver is and you'd still invite him to a party, add one point. Tiny Tim is worth two points at any party. Considering Buffy the Vampire Slayer is worth two points and a score of if you would identify her. For Kenneth just three points. If you think Thelma is what every person needs, lose one. McLuhan and Mrs. Cleaver are for extra two.

13. Add two points for each correct answer. To crash means to sleep and to rap something means to talk about it. If you thought someone was to get a date, deduct two. You only score when you lay down, add two.

14. Add a point for every time you've seen each woman, except the Queen of Africa. (One a point for each time.) Two more points if you turned on for 2001. If the Daughters you saw stayed Alex Cold instead of John Wayne, deduct three points.

15. Add two ways to go to the Grey Cup. If you made for a toilet, lose two; but if you stopped past the game, deduct one. If you can't see it without paying, the best thing to do is go to a Grey Cup party. Lose four points.

16. If Mrs. Griffin is your mom, you're watching someone who never was or will be first on the cereal scene. Lose two points. For Steve Allen, you can add two points and for Peter Frome, five. No points for Jack Palance, but get your TV fixed. Johnny Carson gives you two points. If you're a Parrot Berton fan and watch his

properties, deduct five points.

17. If you think you drop your coat, you blow it. Lose one point. Deduct three points for dropping your trousers. Knowing that to drop and mean taking 1300 wins you two points. Doing it loses 10.

18. Mary Winkles loses you one point and two if you take her seriously. For Beatie Bailey, add two. If you're still reading *Alf Harris*, deduct five. You can score three points for *The Wizard of Al* and two for *Present*.

19. If you said everyone rocked it to Jody Cane, add one point. Knowing it was Patsy Mink who first said, "There come de mink," isn't low or just you a point. On *Laugh-In* it was Stevie Davis, for two points. If you knew it wasn't Dick Martin saying, "Goodnight, Dick," but Sue Roman, add two points. Ann Johnson was the man who said "Verry interesting." For three points. If you didn't know Goldie Hawn said, "Gosh," add one point. Knowing that she did loses you three points for watching a program that's on its way out.

20. If you can net 10 black balls, add two points. Lose two for buying a coffin. If you like the idea of a 30-minute minute after a parking meter, add three for doing your own thing. For contributing to a worthy cause, add one.

21. You are right if you add mushrooms in everything but seafood, add three points. No points if you don't include all three. Seafood is just a fancy name for shrimp.

22. "Wow" is today's word and worth three points. If you think everything is said "groovy," lose four points. You only lose one point for saying "cool" — it's ready for a comeback. "Daf front" gets you four points for knowing how to stay ahead of the phrase game.

23. Watching *Weekend Update* one point. R2 is a game for two. If you don't watch either, add three points. (If you don't have a TV, add four.)

24. There's only one kind of dumb bug — a bill package of misprints. For this award, add two points.

25. If you actually read *Polly*, *Of the Devil*, lose four points. You can add three points for *Cockroach* and five for *I Ching*. Even if you just made an attempt at *Thelma* or *Chloe* as *Man*, add two points.

26. If you're worn breath outside your house, add two points. If you own a pair of ball-batting trousers, add one. (Wearing them to work is worth another point.) Two points for subliminals that go below the ears, and if you put next grow hair there one point for trying.

27. If your sidewalk averages five inches above the knee, add two points, but deduct one if you wear high heels with it. You can add one point for wearing a moustache, two points and a bonus two points if you wore one in 1968. A body stocking loses one — nobody is disappointed.

28. If you like a good handshake, add one. Add three points if you want to know his sign. Lose one point for looking drenched. If you're inclined to say, "Glad to meet you," lose two points for lack of imagination.

29. Add two points for every correct match. Frank Zappa of The Mothers of Invention, David Clayton Thomas of Blood, Sweet Acid Train, Eric Clapton of Blind Faith, Peter Dinklage of The Who. Deduct one if you matched Skip Prokop with The Peasants (he's left the group).

30. Add a point for every pop group spotted.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Paulie Cox and Electric | 1910 Fruit Gums Company |
| We Three | Tankies |
| Turbine | Yachtin' Pulpits |
| The Traffic | Small Fumes |
| The Union Gap | Box Tops |
| Siss and Dave | Animals |
| Clark and Jeremy | Rhinoceros |
| Young Raschi | Ten Years After |
| Guest What | Monsters and Pages |
| The Book | Every Mother's Son |
| The City | Blind Faith |
| Chicken Shack | Doors |
| Critters | The Last Words |
| Pat Maureen | Love Generation |

If you named The Greenbush and The Indignos, lose three points each. If you thought that Cockroaches was a group, lose five. It isn't.

When you have finished the quiz, add up your score and deduct the losses. Those of you more than 10 years old get a head start: add your age to your final score. If your score is between 150 and 166, you're so "new" you shouldn't be doing this quiz. Between 167 and 153, you are conveniently "new" and could make the scene almost anywhere with a little blarney on Gershwin and Maribel. Between 154 and 150, you're losing touch with the generation you live in. Below 150, you're a "them" person and completely out of touch. □



'But I never said women are inferior'

By Lionel Tiger

Last May, *Maclean's* previewed *Men In Groups*, a subsequent best seller in which Montreal-born sociologist Dr. Lionel Tiger theorized about differences in male and female roles in society. Men band together, he argued. In obeying this biological urge, men are different from women. That's what Tiger said. But to feminists, New and old, his explanation of differences between the sexes was a red-flag proclamation of male superiority. All hell broke loose. As placard-carrying feminists picketed *Maclean's* offices, a beleaguered Tiger was learning the law of the jungle — the hard way . . .

It is curious at last to tell the truth, that *Men In Groups* was written by a team of 25 male fellows of the Junior League of Montreal? That there is no real Lionel Tiger, just a cynical, carefully packaged product of the heuristic imagination of the staff of *Maclean's* which first broke the story to a troubled world? There is Dudley Kravitz III, undoubtedly not less the Junior League outboard the feminist movement by conducting a shocking book to attract ad-

vertisement from the Real Plus? And how I, willing to do anything to get my false name in the newspapers, was their eager dupe?

No such luck. But perhaps it will not be immediate if I make some comments and share some revelations of a troubling, tedious and somewhat encounter with the faithful wrath of women, the strict fear of men, and the gaudy embroidery by the mass media on a rig of sociological mythology.

FOOD WITH SOUL

The food that goes with jazz, the other saving grace of black experience. It's simple, it's good, and, thanks to footballer Dave Mann, it's available here

Dave Mann was talking about Soul. Dave Mann is the killing coach of the Toronto Argonauts and a partner in a Toronto restaurant called The Underground Railroad and about Soul he said: "It was a word I heard when I was six. I remember my uncle playing the piano. He was doing this rocky-rock thing and one lady said, 'Mann, it's got soul.' That was 30 years ago and it was around long before then."

Soul as a word seems to escape most dictionaries but you know it if you've got it, according to Mann. He's interested in defining Soul as a special way — through his people's food. "The blackman's fight into independence, you might say, along with music, athletics and history is acceptance of his food."

So Dave along with four close friends — Bill Cosby, the American superstar, musician Althea, football player Alvin, Mary Jackson and basketball player Michael Matthews — are launching 10 Underground Railroad restaurants in Canada (from Vancouver to Halifax), and, as yet, unknown number in the United States.

In their first restaurant in Toronto, they attempted to create an atmosphere close to what a gathering place for black people is like down South. The neighborhood Sears (from magnificent old huts) and plaster walls, the folk-art paintings, simple crockery and charming service don't indicate the oppressive circumstances that caused the original underground railroad. From 1815 on, slaves from Southern plantations fled to Canada and freedom through a secret network of routes, aided by black and white volunteers. That network became famous as the underground railroad.

Soul food itself has a much longer history than slavery — it's at least 350 years old. It originated in Africa with certain tribes who used lots of greens, herbs and roots in their cookery. They brought these secrets with them on the slave boats. The Caribbean islands also have variations of the original African cookery,

but have added corns and frites. In the south and United States the food was basically what could be found in the fields and what was left over after the slave owners finished eating: pig's feet, neck, ribs, tails and chitterlings (the inside wall of the pig's stomach).

A typical Soul-food dinner might include fried chicken, black-eyed peas, brown-eyes or rice, corn bread, a baked yam, collard greens and a field pudding (watermelon rind, clove, walnuts—any fruit you'd pick up in the field and served hot and spicy).

Fried chicken, in the Soul-food tradition is the best there is — not raised by an inch of butter and steamed in the cooking. They do it in a very light coating of flour, salt and pepper. It's fried gently until crisp and brown and never turned more than once.

Black-eyed peas — actually a bean — are another favorite of ours," says Mann. "Lots of people don't know how to cook beans. They soak them until the day is soft. But we take long peas, very thick beans with skin, cut it into one-inch slices and put them into an 18-inch pot filled with water. Chop in three onions, add two cloves of garlic and then put in about two cups of beans. Let it boil first, then simmer a good hour and a half uncovered."

Smothered steak is another of my father's recipes. You cut a piece of round steak in four pieces and brown it lightly on both sides. Brown it in a pan, then remove to a plate. Chop an onion and a green pepper into the browning pan and sauté them for about 15 minutes. Add a bit of flour and water to make a gravy, to your taste, and put the steak back into the pan to cook, covered, for about an hour and a half. Serve this with home-fries and a salad."

The basic thing to remember in Soul cooking is "sticking to your roots" and combining sweet and salty things, or hot and bland things in one meal. As Dave Mann says, "Soul cooking should give you a good feeling. You can't explain Soul to anyone else but you'll know when you've got it." □





This is the Canada that won our contest

LAST OCTOBER, Maclean's asked readers for their views on some basic questions concerning the future shape of this country. But the time came to consider the fate of Canada? Should geopolitical boundaries, which may have made administrative sense 50 or 100 years ago, be altered to conform with present realities? To illustrate responses, we present three versions of how such new boundaries might be drawn, together with the present map of Canada.

The response, in a nutshell, hardly needed summarizing. But by asking the questions we stirred up a WASP's nest of patriotism, tapped a long-forming log of frustrated opinion. It became clear that Canadians young and old, east and west — there were even comments from seasoned expatriates in such far-off fields as Kentucky and Scotland — fundamentally care about their country's future and want to be heard.

Twelve hundred replies to our questionnaire had been received by press time and more were still arriving. (Results of the 1990 entry competition, announced at the same time, will be posted next month.) Analysis showed that

only 27 percent of the respondents (325 out of 1,200) are content with the Canada we have now (Map 1).

A clear majority of those advocating change, 41 percent of all replies, thought Map 2 (above) represents a more realistic Canada in terms of population grouping and economic efficiency. Only 10.5 percent voted for Map 3, showing a Dakota-Saskatchewan Canada divided by a separate Quebec. Slightly more, 13 percent, favored the idea that Canada, minus an independent Quebec, should join potential forces with the United States (see Map 4).

The combined support for Maps 1 and 2 show that at least 68 percent of the voters believe Canadian unity can be preserved one way or another. However, the total votes for Maps 3 and 4 indicate that 25.5 percent of what were predominantly English-speaking readers think a separate Quebec is either necessary or inevitable.

Encouragingly, younger readers were on the side of unity. Way below 21 was 8.2 percent of all replies for Map 1 and 9.5 percent for Map 2. In contrast, the non-voters vote for Map 3 was 13

percent of the total and only one percent for Map 4.

Finally, 8.5 percent of respondents didn't like any of the maps and supplied detailed, often beautifully rendered versions of their own. These daunting suggestions, which we regret we don't have space to reproduce, ranged from the concept of a 10-province country to the brooding age of Canada into 10 nation-states.

1 (27 percent)

For many readers, Edith Cavell was wrong. Patriotism is enough. The sentiment most frequently echoed by this group was that "Canada is the best country in the world in which to live, just the way it is now." However, P. M. de Chantal, of Gravelly, Que., put the case most constructively: "Quite apart from sentiment, it still seems to me the best framework for a multilateral progression."

Others voted for the map because:

- "Canada should remain united and pro-English-speaking and continue as a Dominion." — JOHN SMITH, GARNVILLE, ONT.

□ "It helps to keep fresh in the memory of our people an account of those who blazed a trail in the face of insurmountable difficulties — the early settlers." — DAVID ELLIARD, OWEN SOUND, ONT.

□ "If there are not enough responsible people in Canada as it is to make this a great country, then changing the borders now would not make us any greater or more responsible." — S. A. NEWBERRY, PORT CHARLOTTE, BC.

□ "Giving Montreal and Toronto provincial status could raise problems when other cities reach a similar size. They too might start conspiring to be regarded as separate provinces." — TED BERNES, ST. ROCHER, QC.

□ "The way things are, everybody is already opposed to the two dissent areas in the country." — MARGARET JANDEN, 10, CUNEOY.

2 (41 percent)

Consolidation of the Provinces and the Maritimes into single provinces, together with the creation of new provinces out of the combination areas of Montreal and Toronto, struck a majority of readers as being most practical. "Clearly the Maritimes need to unite for economic reasons," wrote Arthur O'Sullivan, of Edmonton. "The north would be developed and administered better than at present when part of its southern neighboring provinces. American would contribute to the end in Canadian life." Other commenters:

□ "This map could come about in a natural way without any violence. It would seem to be the natural grouping of communities, of commerce, of political boundaries. It would not endanger the mutual trust that one area gives to another." — ALICE ROBERTS, 38, WILM., ALAB.

□ "I would do many things to lead us together, but we should not divide." —

Our other Canadian friends from many lands would not doubt welcome this new Canada in a great improvement.

□ "It indicates that Montreal should continue to support the Province of Quebec. Let the rest of the province pay its own way." — LORIS SCHIMMERT, 20, MONTREAL.

□ "It looks nice. The names are new and modern. They are easier to write. There are fewer provinces to argue about. There are fewer governments to worry about. And there will be something for my children to remember." — AILEY YANE, 10, KELLER, ALAB.

3 (10.5 percent)

An articulate minority of English Canadians here clearly came to believe that Quebec's separation is inevitable. "Since Anglo-Saxons and Latins have diverged, each other will see the beginning of time," argued John Penrose of Vernon, BC.

"There can be no peaceful, security progress and unity in Canada under a bilingual system for well-founded and proven reasons." On the other hand, an English-speaking Quebecer, Kim Holter, of Boulder's new separatists is the only one in Canada. "They have tolerated me and my life for 300 years and have tolerated in more liberally than any other minority in the province. The future of Canada does not lie in the west, or in Ontario, or in the Maritimes. Quebec is Canada and has the only real Canadian identity on this continent. Why don't you come out and join us?" Other commenters:

□ "A new Canada as depicted in Map 3 will allow Quebec to become a nation and prevent the rest of the country from being swallowed up by the U.S. A nation is a people, and a people is what it thinks and feels and that is the language it speaks." — DON JAMES, 19, WYATT, WY.

□ "Canadian governments have traditionally catered to the French vote, to the detriment of the rest of Canada, and so end to this in its right unless Quebec separates." — A. HAY, OTTAWA.

□ "Map 3 is great, because Quebec is unified and Canada is one unimpeded, unified country with no lesser learned." — BRIAN MANVILLE, 15, BARKINGTON, ONT.

4 (13 percent)

The pro-Americans among us, while standstill standing the Vietnam war, put together some impressive arguments for joining the U.S. "During my stints through the States I have been completely in awe of the sheer size and efficiency between an American as a person and a Canadian as a person," and R. S. Matheson, of Edmonton. "The political, cultural and social aspects of the life in the two countries are identical. Why then should we not be part of one political, economic, social and cultural unit?" Other commenters:

□ "The car I drive, the money I see, the instruments I use, the conveniences I attend, the clothes I wear, almost all made in USA. So why not call it a single people?" — R. C. A. ALLEN, KENTVILLE, NS.

□ "Confederation is doomed. Canada is too large, too unpopulated and too dependent on the U.S." — ALEXANDER FORSTER POWELL, RIVER, BC.

□ "Working-class people, who are the vast majority of Canadians, are more concerned about getting on better living than in Canada's trying to create the hard, cold facts and quality about nationality." — JOSEPH CORREY, LONDON, ONT.

□ "A united America would produce a nation far in advance of any point and further the cause of world peace and health." — ANTHONY SOUTHWELL, 15, SASKATON, SK.

YOUR BLOOD IS PRICELESS

Your blood donation may mean the difference between life and death for someone near and dear to you or for someone you may never know.

A half-hour of your time at the Red Cross blood donor clinic will give you the satisfaction that you are a good citizen when you give the gift of life.

Your blood donation is so important. Do it today!

SHARE YOUR GOOD HEALTH

Healing Substance In Preparation H Shrinks Piles

Doctors Healy Studies Prove To Show Hemorrhoids And Sore Anus Don't Threaten

A renowned research institute has found a unique healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids painlessly. It achieves healing and discomfort in minutes and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissue.

In some other cases, while partly relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most important of all—results were so thorough that this improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

This was accomplished with a new healing substance (Bio-Dyn) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates growth of new tissue.

New Bio-Dyn is offered in a minimalist and repository form called Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug stores—radio facilities or your nearest retailer.



Housing— the high price of prosperity

Devonport on your doorstep, this is a horror story in case for housing.

Nansen K is a 34-year-old brought his wife and five children back to Halifax last spring to be computer programmer-analyst at a local university. He expected to pay \$175 rent a month. Now he has sold it.

"The first couple of places wouldn't have had them. There was a two-bedroom place for \$250, plus heating. Next offering, there were three bedrooms unfurnished, and a three-bedroom row house in a chain for \$145.

"After a week we took a two-bedroom flat, where the last tenant paid \$15 a month, but it cost us \$175. For five months we spent every week-end looking. Twenty-five miles out we were asked \$175 for a house, plus heat. Finally, we rented a apartment in Dartmouth for \$235 a month, plus heating — and, man, were lucky. It only takes me 35 minutes to get to the office.

Look, I make about ten \$18.00 a week. I can't afford that."

The Halifax Dartmouth apartment vacancy rate is 4 per cent — lower than all metropolitan areas in Canada. Between January and August this year there were 2,341 housing starts. To meet potential demand it should have been 4,800.

Old houses are crisscrossed, often three people to a room. Students left old houses dirty, awaiting renovation, yearning for prodigious rents. Between 17 and 20 families wait for every unit of public housing built. "Two girls teachers share a room — and the same bed — and have the use of kitchen and bathroom. They pay \$185 a month, and think they're lucky."

A \$12-million bet says: "We'll soon be a superport"

CONSTRUCTION LAWYER Bill Mirgo, picks up yesterday's headline, looked forward to captioning: "I don't know of any general-goods port that didn't grow in every other way but because it was a port," he said. "San Francisco isn't the Gateway to the Great West any more but because it was it because a great commercial centre, and it stayed that way."

San Francisco and Halifax in the same breath?

The jurisdiction is at present a messy construction site. By July it will be a \$12-million container cargo port, handling 35,000 ton ships, bearing up to 1,900 containers holding cargo that otherwise would be carried long to ships' holds.

Bill Mirgo is chairman of the Port of Halifax Commission, set up to promote the port. "Containerization," he said, "that's our future."

Except in winter, when Halifax is a non-free Montreal and Quebec and the Seaway have long since edged what the Maritime Institute, called Cdnfrance — the great long-hauler. Additionally established freight rates on the same from say, Antwerp to Montreal as from Antwerp to Halifax.

Teller's big thing is ship-ping is the container, which are eight-foot-by-eight-by-20 or 30, holding somewhere between 10 and 20 tons. The manufacturer lifts them, they are loaded on special ships at one end, lifted off at the other and shipped to the receiver on railway trucks. Labour-saving apart, neither container's nor goods are likely to be damaged in handling, or stolen by wharf rats.

Halifax is a promotional battle with St. John's, N.B. in the competition to become eastern Canada's superport. Bill Mirgo's most compelling arguments are that Halifax can handle one ship in the world and that it is the nearest North American island port to Europe. From Liverpool to Halifax is 2,485 miles, compared with 2,710 to Saint John's, 2,764 to

Montreal and 3,120 to New York.

That means a shipping company needs three ships to mount a weekly Europe-Halifax service, and the ships can be as big as you like. Because the Montreal run takes between 16 and 60 hours longer, you'd need four ships to provide the same service to that port — and their size and speed are limited by the St. Lawrence.

From Halifax, the time can beat the ship. A fast freight takes 20 hours to Montreal. To Toronto it takes 30 hours; to Chicago, just two days — and by Seaway the Halifax-Chicago trip takes 10 days. □



The girl who sells hair to Halifax

Julie Carmichael, left Halifax at 20. She went to Acadia to work in a biochemistry laboratory and, later, hairdresser. She returned with her goods are likely to be damaged in handling, or stolen by wharf rats. She is now in Washington, D.C., and was working in a wig store when that day the big owner stepped through the doorway saying, "Okay, you're hired. All right here." And Julie Carmichael, 26, thought: "What the hell, why stand that sort of crap?" and caught the plane home. Now she runs a wig boutique, says the new Halifax is "atrociously — and loves it." □



"A merger? No! Dartmouth is where the action is"

A half of two mayors — and their cities.

Alan O'Brien, 47, is the town's first mayor. He is a member of Conservative Halifax. Robert Thornhill, 56, mayor of Dartmouth, is the son of a fishing-boat skipper. He is a Progressive Conservative.

O'Brien is the most improbable mayor Halifax could have. In 1967 he led an anti-Vietnam war peace march. At a student dinner he said, "Some of our students have gone west. The love to the Queen is one. It's just a signal to violence."

A former national president of the New Demo-

cratic Party, O'Brien says having a business — or farm — produce wholesalers — with a two-million-dollar-a-year annual turnover provides him with political independence. He can do what he thinks is right without worrying about his next dollar.

"Anybody I think the best business-management methods are useful tools in pursuit of the social goals of the NDP," he said over lobster and a good bottle of Merlot one day. And then, to help Macleod's produce a picture that would be the body of the change that's coming over my love."

Mayor O'Brien denied the 22-year-old socialist-influenced mayor roles and led a second lot of lawyers, and rights workers, students, university presidents and students in a washbasin charge up old Citadel Hill. Then he did it again and again and not again, and Macleod's Director of Photography Henri Ehrlich was advised.

A few hours earlier O'Brien had not known the order existed. His secretary rushed them down to a local far-storage warehouse.

Mayor Robert Thornhill on the other hand, preferred to be photographed midway across harbor bridge — with Dartmouth (pop. 48,000) in the background.

Thornhill is a bright, energetic politician who refuses to spend all his time at the mayor's office because he is not a city councillor and if I were there it would be a hell like two mayors in one kitchen." Which he seems to support, in the way it is said by O'Brien and his city mayor.

Dartmouth, and Thornhill, is a young city. Dartmouth can grow, and is growing at bewildering speed, its population rising from 10 years. Most newcomers in the Halifax area live in Dartmouth where most of the new industry has located, leaving Halifax as the commercial and cultural center.

What that means is that Dartmouth has suffered more than Halifax from the loss of strawberry-brown dressed that lights away

North American youth. And yet, with 36,000 within its boundaries, Dartmouth could still be one of Canada's most beautiful communities. Mayor Thornhill's central is built by buying up a crack like and redeveloping it can afford to do so. We're not kidding, you know. We mean it."

The available proposal at that Halifax and Dartmouth municipalities. Mayor O'Brien thinks it makes sense. Mayor Thornhill remains the other "because I've never seen any evidence that suggests makes for quality."

"Dartmouth is where the action is. Acadia's not. It wouldn't be the end of the world here."

And he graciously refused when asked if he too would like to serve. Canada Hill with Mayor O'Brien. □



The student explosion— and a grey girl as pure art

With the advent of hair, they'll have collective apology to the Benetton, Canada's last capital show, a

An art school, that's what.

Garry Kaneada, 34, president of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, presiding administrator of an

artistic movement in the Maritimes, says the cost-to-be created Benetton will make a great art college.

We need more space. Since 1963, enrollment is up to 367 from 130. Instead of scrapping the Benney job, we can do so. We're not kidding, you know. We mean it."

A lot of the excitement of Halifax is the ideas generated at the regional, three university-level colleges. Typically Dartmouth's student population has boomed from 2,843 in 1954 to 5,600 today.

In its years Dartmouth has spent \$20 million on new buildings — and has another \$10 million in buildings under construction.

But of all the disapproving colleges, the NS College of Art and Design studies the most visible aspect. At many art schools, the last year involves studying the use of materials. In Halifax it is devoted to finding out whether the students have potential. Instead of a lesson in perspective, they're told: "Communicate alienation." There was a 20 percent dropout rate last year.

The shows in the college gallery are typical. One consisted of a bullet hole in a wall, a nail half-buried into the floor and a spotlight patch of grey paint. Another's view last fall consisted of a Teletype machine that kept starting out messages like "Yes, but on the other hand..."

The girl on our picture in student Eide Floyd. She was a cheerleader. Michael's work of art at a recent show. He laid a 16-foot-square patch of grey paint on the floor, dressed Eide in a grey dress and gave her grey makeup to wear and a stain of white glue to hold. She sat there on her hands, looking at the camera, waiting, waiting.

Teacher Upton, a new arrival from Britain, explained: "The piece is intended to confuse people and, here, there, anywhere, it is no longer something that hangs on a wall or stands on a pedestal. Art should be life."

Eide Floyd said it was hard on her bedside. □

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YOU & YOUR MONEY

How to read the prophets

BEFORE AN INVESTMENT book can cause personal financial disaster. The book is quite possibly a best seller written by a former guru and does not say to invest in anything. It will be cited something like *Make a Million Dollars in 30 Days*. Beware! It will contain the alien superstition, get rid of the person in question.

Here's the preview. The fact that a book makes money is no proof that he knows what he is doing. And Nedra made \$122 before the horses by sticking pins in the program, but she doesn't know a trick from a three-horse pony. Think, however, she isn't writing a book about how to lose the race.

The respected Gerald Lamb points out in his illustrated *Five Dollars for Investment*. General that the man who makes a fast million is suspect. He may be lucky. He may plunk down all he has on one good long shot. He may have inside knowledge. He may be unaware of the risks and — having made money — remain thoroughly ignorant. Following him could prove disastrous for readers of his book or article.

The fact is that investing in anything from real estate to Canada Savings Bonds is a jungle of complexities, federal and state and foreign regulations. The prudent, carefully written books about investing recognize this. There are many such books. Unfortunately, they are usually loaded by the gifted author with a guarantee able to promote in the bookstore.

Read a good cross section of all available literature and you'll be far wiser to become a knowledgeable consumer. Read one of the way big sellers and you may be heading for red ink.

If you're not going to do intensive reading, forget the whole thing. Find a good expert. Follow his advice and don't bother offering him your money. He's in the business to make money for other people, his reputation depends on it.

Ornamental, popularized formulas are often based on one of two things: the existence of a substantial market and the reproductive taking of short-run profits. May everyone has \$100,000. And there's no denying that it's easier to make money what you start with a big sum than with \$5,000 or \$10,000 that has to be spread carefully.

Now does everyone have the contacts, knowledge, nerve or luck to pick up quick speculative profits? More studies have shown that individual investors tend to hold too long in the value of their investments due to close and sell too soon as prices go up. They make their bid speculations.

In the long run, the stock market is likely to rise. Other things being equal, where is the sense in when one speculates when you're riding on a roller? □

MAC FANS

REVIEWS

JANUARY 1972

Winnipeg's Own Multi-media Moon Mission

BY HAL TENNANT AND ALICE POYER

You just don't look for such frisky happenings in a conservative, middle-class prairie city. Unless, that is, you've noticed some of the other things the Winnipeg Symphony has been up to, these past few years.

Anyhow, this time it was a space opera: on the last weekend, Apollo 12 was sold, and there was the symphony manager, Len Stone, 34, with headset and mike, crisscrossed on the orchestra pit of Manitoba Centennial Concert Hall. Mitchell Lane had come for Operation Countdown, the WSO's holiday bid for the last evening of a six-week-long, \$100,000 fundraising drive, co-sponsoring it with the Manitoba Performance Society. (First Major Multinational Performance by Any North American Symphony — i.e., an orchestral work, suggested by film, tape recordings, special lighting effects and sound-effects on a multi-screen system.)

When the 72 associates, the generalists and the lighting staff were ready and everything was on, guest conductor André Kostelanetz, venerable maestro and off-duty space fan, straddled the lighting podium and acknowledged applause from his 1,250 "moon passengers." (A moon passenger was anybody who had given at least 100¢ on the drive and taken advantage of the counting invitation to the "free" Jan event. Since the hall was only half full, this meant that while some of Winnipeg's Wealthy People were there, a lot were not. They were at home, prepping for the Janice Lange's unfortunate



by conductor, small hall.)

By now, the moon passengers had had a pre-flight briefing in the lobby, directed out as a sort of Mission Control for the occasion. At 40 feet of the greatest Canadian rocket, Black Brant, lit on display, somewhat feebly spraying out. A jet had swooped out pre-Apollo pep talks. A dozen Team Air-Strawberries fitted about, serving delectable cherry and 10 audited "moon meals" — professional models be-sweated in sequins and sequin-though — circulated through the crowd, passing packed passengers that the bar would reopen during in-

termission. Through the early part of the evening, non-space-related selections (Sibelius, Dvorak, et al.) in the hall alternated with more briefings in the lobby, where Dubesset, seconded the choir.

Then, the pace de résumé — a 20-minute multi-media trip based on orchestral excerpts from Charles Hovis's 34-year-old sound poem, *The Planet*. To create a heavenly visual impression, Dennis Gagliheri, 31, director of the Manitoba Performance next door, had inter-sped original film with Apollo 11 moon-shot footage from the National Aeronautics and Space Administra-

tion (NASA). Even more topical was a tape recording of the Apollo 12 liftoff. And for the intellectuals there was a between-concerts reading from Archibald MacLeish's *Brothers In The Earth*. Cold, a space-flight tribute on the concert's creation had thoughtfully lifted from the March 1968, issue of *Reader's Digest*.

As the symphony space shut began, Stone was flipping switches and voicing electronic cues. Gagliheri, whose movie was being projected from the rear on to a 40-by-60-foot screen, was cowering in the audience row in exit — "for a quick getaway as soon as the launch took." (They didn't.)

The primary began with a swirl through the Milky Way and into a dark storm — a convenient accident that provided a rationale for blinding out the screen at the end of the first movement. As the orchestra struck up the second movement, the space passengers found themselves sliding out of the storm and viewing the sun and the solar system before gliding earthward to screen field, and before the third movement began, the voice of WSO resident conductor George Cleve, 33, boomed out with a taped reading of MacLeish's "It's on the earth as it truly is to see ourselves as riders on the earth together..."

At the climax, Apollo 11 blasted off, with faded. And there was the moon, in full color. Even inner Beulah People gasped, then held out, fight, while they watched the surface of deepening speed. Apollo's astronauts, slighted

As different as
the shape
it's in.



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The land has played its part, too. Stepping aside, Superol and Gentle make Redland flourish. All these combine in Australia to produce perfect grapes. And grapes are the heart of Australia's wine. Only the very best is approved for shipment to Canada.

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The Australian Wine Board

THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

and moved jerkily across the screen. LHM rejoined the mother ship, and the screen faded. Kestelsoetz, beaming at his success in keeping his men from working properly with the film sequence, took bow after bow — and finally a standing ovation.

It was the most spectacular evening yet for a symphony that often seems willing to do absolutely anything to keep the customers coming. Long a favorite in overhauling stanzas (it was signing up corporations as concert sponsors back in 1964), the WSO has been particularly lively since Les Stone's arrival in 1967. Season-ticket holders have since increased from 1,100 to 2,250. Among the WSO's innovations since the new Stone era:

□ "New Music" concerts, which pack teenage fans in to hear rock groups (the Guns N' Roses, the Monroes), backed by the symphony.

□ **A. Data Mate** scheme whereby young couples purchase one (and do) buy a ticket at the regular price and get a second one free.

□ A policy of booking guest comedians whose names are household words (Mitch Miller, Sketch Henderson, Joel Harbo, Arthur Fiedler).

Stones and resident conductor Peter Cleve, badly needing a substitute to whittle down the symphony's long-accumulated deficit of \$41,000, got the idea for live space programs during a visit to New York last summer. There they found Kunitz's company NASA slides with New York Philharmonic music. He quickly agreed that creating the FMHPANAS would be a lot of fun.

After the premiere, the director left the hall declaring the evening's *banda* ("masterpiece") that left him with "a glorified feeling." And, though Japanese won't finish, the campaign looks like at least an \$50,000 win-win, leaving to Leo Stone a more temporal glory. "I'm Moody," he said. "I'm going to run all the way to the bank and pay off the debt!" □

Under the simulated skin of *Garber's Tales*: more simulated skin

For \$27.50 you could become one of 500 owners of what Toronto publisher Peter Martin calls "the world's first genuine handmade-skin book": it is Lawrence Garber's novel, *Garber's Tales From The Quarter*, sculpted by Michael Hayden into relief-molded plastic vinyl to make it come look like fish. My copy is the \$4.95 paperback edition and looks like spotty leather. It came with an enthusiastic letter from Martin, explaining that the handmade skin was to guarantee "an all-anonymous Canadian public" to "an irresistible-to-eyeball conference" with

most exciting new fictionists in Canada." He adds: "Some readers will think this book is just dirty. Others will find it an outrageous attack on their sensibilities. And everybody else will about 'blush' because Canada now has another writer worthy of the world stage."

Gierber is a 32-year-old lecturer at the University of Western Ontario who has spent time in Penn. Long before he was venerated into immortality, he began with the modest notion that he would "write a few sketches about a few people and let it go at that." But he didn't. He went on to tell us a story

Reading Gishar reminded me of the Young Street movie poster promising a TREAT FOR EVERY SENSATION-seeker! It is a great wayner's book because of its richness with detail — emotional, physical, prophetic, the busy richness of a socioeconomic

Gruber's Tales From The Quarter, Lawrence Gruber. *Four Marins*, bound in quarter-cloth-bound, molded flexible, \$27.50; paperback, \$4.95. □

The *Book* Lionhearted's *Woman* Jane Fowles Edith, *Review* 58,95 The Collector revealed Jane Fowles in a *quest* of narrative tension, compressed and tightly controlled. This novel is the *sublimum* — simple, discursive, growing in place a *presumably* "blasted" woman in the context of a Victorian romance, to demonstrate that "every Victorian had two souls," one moral and constrained, one wayward and free. It offers events, characters of the 19th C, through perceptions derived from Marx, Hardy and D.H. Lawrence. It plays beguiling games with ideas and with time.

The Collapse Of The Third Republic. William L. Shirer. Masses; \$12.50. The Wagnerian tragedy of the twilight of France in 1940, masterfully orchestrated by a maestro of popular history.

French-Canadian Nationalism, anthology, edited by Ramsey Cook; Macmillan \$8.95. If these 25 essays, spanning more than a century to the impassioned advocacy of a *survivance*, do not answer those perennially truculent questions about what Quebec really wants, nothing will.

The Ugnat Society — The Tragedy Of Canada's Indians
Harold Cardash; H. G.
Harr; \$5.95; The hottest
political wind among
Canada's Indians reflects the
Trudeau government's plan
for them as "cultural
genocide." It also sets a
clear hint on compassion
"The Indians must be as
Indians. We cannot make
has potential as a brown
whole man."

The Struggle For Canadian Universities: Robin Mathew and James Sturley. New Press. \$3.99: The Canadian professors who rang the alarm about a U.S. takeover of the landies now present a lively dossier of reactions, pro and con. □



the prominence of man

A trendy book, yes, but too involved in the gnosticism-machinery to allow for comparison or much Rabelaisian laughter and ultimately excitement. The narrative is disrupted by runaway signposts. One character will be a beautiful pump, the next a symbol in an unrealized cosmic factory. A novel teeming with characters has not found one of its own.

Gather's Tales From The Quarry, Lawrence Gather. Peter Martin, bound in quarter-cloth-thick molded flexible vinyl, \$27.50; paperback \$4.95. □

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RECORDS

Fraggy Lee Is That All There Is? (Capitol) The title song alone upsells anything that does in pop in 1989. Let that album explain what another half of America hears.

Miles Davis Is A Silent Way (Columbia) Davis's last-down, classic trumpet playing drizzles jazz and traces of rock into utterly timeless music.

Jefferson Airplane: Volunteer (Vanguard) The Airplane, with a little help from some San Francisco rock friends, brings a fresh lyric sense to its original acid diaphanous and comes up with a sound that's preciously dynamic and satisfying.

Schwarzkopf: Concerto No. 1, In B-flat Major, Op. 32 (RCA) Composed in 1877, the work, like its Polish-born composer, has been forgotten. But through it you can almost see Lazar, Rubinstein and The God working. Period. End 1988.

The Bonnet: Very Together (Polygram Special) This cheap recording was done in 1961 in an over-the-hill bar in Monterey that's just recently closed. But little closely, their rock music airtight, the group shows promise.

— Jack Deben and Peter Goldstein

QUOTE

"The *Shogakukan* plans new ones like an encyclopedia, a light diversion from the usual look of nation-building. A national building trip, a wild western tale, where tales of the male, Japanese past more bold and fantastical of the future look shape on the flickering twilight. No. Oh, were magic, and we make dancing in the morning."

—Pilot Film: Canada's Prime Minister from Montreal, 1989. Produced by Ontario Television, December 1989.

REVIEWS

TELEVISION

TV's top five, plus 10 also-rans we actually see

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

WHAT SHOULD the well-rounded, discriminating viewer be watching this mid-season? If he can, it's *The Forsyte Saga* for quality drama, *Raven 232* for intense comedy, *Yankee Doodle* for outrageous adventure and either *60 Minutes* or *First Tuesday* for polished information. Unfortunately for well-rounded discriminating viewers who are entirely dependent on the CBC or CTV, not one of these top five shows is available on either network.

What, then, are the best programs that the CBC and CTV do carry? That's a tough question and, given such restrictions, perhaps an unfair one. Don't *The Prime Suspect* and *The Foxcatcher* show *Gwen Archer*? Well,

he asked by an outgroup.

2. *Face To Face To Face*, which is really one quarter of CTV's *Our World*. And welcome to it. One fact betrays New York's *Face To Face* Gloria Steinem (who is starring, indeed), the second is Patrick Watson and the third is various well-chosen guests. *Face To Face* is an old and best a live audience of winning video clips.

3. *The News Minute Show*, which remains the most honest 60 minutes of variety on TV for all kinds of news, relating, talented viewers that Alex Burns will never understand.

4. *Department 56*, an average and a long accidental step down from *The Foxcatcher*, but nonetheless an interesting series from Britain. With a good episode, you can suspend disbelief for ever.

5. *Laugh-In*, now in its third year, is like a good party that has gone on too long. The hosts are visibly tired, the show is beginning to pull, the pace is flagging and pretty soon somebody is going to gig on one of those atrocious lines and be told all over the net-scape.

6. *Murphy's* is the best Hollywood action series we have for most gripping than the very domestic atmosphere of *Twelve in a Wild Night* away from violence, *Amos* and *Television* appears to have forgotten that people still kill each other with upping casualties in the United States' *Murphy's* members.

7. The CBC's *National News*, in order with Warren Davis, is the chief beneficiary of Knowledge *Nash's* revamping

of information programs. Although Davis is still too much tendency to show film clips CBS carried four hours he lost, this is probably the most comprehensive study news show on the continent. 8. *The Book of David*, which decried *The News Of The Game* in the most professional series we see. It's never had, given twice because the CBC, with a few days' gap for our critical faculties, has chosen to provide it with the next *McQueen*.

9. *The Bill Cosby Show*, which was a singer and now is beginning to make up. What's your key Cosby's misadventures of humor or not, he makes *John* look like a *Truman* fashion model in an hour.

10. *The Debbie Reynolds Show*, which is interesting only because it is so painfully pathetic. Perhaps the original U.S. network is committed to *Debbie Reynolds*, but why let the CBC continue to inflict her on Canada? □

The reporter as hero among frauds, broads

The Toronto Telegram's Action Line editor, Frank Drex, is the model for *McQueen*, hero of the CBC series. Here the real crusader assesses the TV image of *Amos*.

THE TRUTH is, *McQueen* is so much a fun thing that the weekly half-hour has attracted a wide audience. The very appropriate banner it was supposed to glorify. After all, when you consider all and page-one news is a real source in public, a sense is the only defense. For *McQueen* has put the fun back into the newspaper business. Enough fun that the critics are checking with interest, although I have yet to meet a critic who owned any kind of a diary, or a copy, or, and he flipped, bombing and all, when he



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TELEVISION continued



Ted Follens, left, as reporter McQueen—the TV hero based on reporter Frank Drew, right, who plays himself with style



was eagle inside a hood during a heistup.

The CBC, McQueen's creator, George Sabinian, and McQueen himself, Ted Follens, keep going flat over the head because they didn't go for all this social-sciences bend that is supposed to be the glowing light of Canadian journalism. Instead, they went the old-fashioned way, where any reporter was a match for the whole world because everybody knew a reporter was pretty smart. Probably the CBC doesn't realize it, but the street has come more to realize interest in the newspaper business than all the high-school symposiums and posited, sophisticated put together. Why? Because it put back into journalism two things that bright young men have always gone for: a lot of knowledge about friends and bread.

If you want to have a look around, two men in the suburbs and walk around all day in a silly suit, then long ago you want to work for one of the paragons of the industry. But if you want to have fun, then you go to work in some kind of journalism, the only business where your wit are all that counts. McQueen demonstrates that it's the greatest thing that anyone ever devised to beat working.

But that's not the way the critics want to see it, especially when McQueen himself is very close to the kind of reporter that they consider nice about of a suburban. Why, he types with two fingers! What they really want is a morality play in

two acts, where the immense social conscience of the journalist triumphs over the temptations of the joys of the situation and depraved.

McQueen is extraordinary, the kind you can't get anywhere else, because who ever heard of a hero assessment, let alone one who knows how to put a transmitter on a girl's chest? It's not earth-shaking getting a lady back her \$25 but it's a lot of fun, especially listening to some crazy howl that come, a homemade bag it should, unethical and un-Canadian. Why shouldn't McQueen see a bag? I do and there's really

ing things about it. Why shouldn't McQueen see something like in his? It's the fastest way to get way kind of son man or crook to talk about what he's doing.

There was once a delightful strong-minded man who just wouldn't budge on friends for the middle-aged ladies he involved with a free after. He bugged plenty after he heard his own voice describing his kind of a year as "a kick who's trying to cut her way into the arena."

And Ted Follens makes a pretty good reporter. Newspapers shy away from all that. As one critic confessed to me a few weeks back, "We know you do that kind of stuff, but do they have to tell people about it?" Follens isn't making anything saying they didn't know.

The problem for McQueen is revitalizing the reporter's faded image. At one time, he was more glamorous than a private eye. Now he's deflated than the quality-control unit. But as long as Follens keeps working, journalists are on the road back. □

VICTOR KISACKY is a Russian actor and singer who played himself in *Canadian Holiday* (now broadcast by Movie Action from the original tape) is popular throughout the Soviet Union.

A job of money is the pay for professionals. They split on lady checks, by giving out rent.

They are paid real enough in the thousands. It does not matter whether it is a loan or a draw.

The player it is, making it look like a lady check. He looks your leg and elbow your arm.

He breaks a leg and sets the stick for a coach. To the dearest follows the game in a house.

The judge of the price is a crowd of men. Boring and boring he does not consider an offense.

But we love you after money leave like a bubble. They were born to their own pain, with more speed.

We are in Montreal to the professionals. Let them make each other, not us.

Professionals get paid from different channels. Their bank accounts are real.

While our boys for lady pay. Move between them for the fifth year.

Let the higher leagues wear their suits, let the lower be called the Canadian game.

We will call the late until the next morning. In secret our boys are from home.

FILM



A Married Couple Allen King has touched some incredibly serious, sometimes real moments from the lives of a suburban Toronto couple and stretched them into a magnificent documentary that takes the wide screen into a narrow for the evidence. The film makes actors and scripts all but obsolete.

Easy Riders Enjoy the comic talent of Jack Nicholson, the street charm of Dennis Hopper and the spirit of Peter Fonda, but remember that the film's conscious freedom to do "their own thing in their own time," without studio interference, is of greater significance than the film's flawed literary.

Allen's Remembrance An oldie but true in the mold of the war of generations given time enough for Arlo Guthrie and his gentle friends from a disinterested church cradled for social-weary flower children to commit the anti-social act of damping refuse on a holiday it's a routine respect in a garage dump.

Goodbye, Mr. Chips — Peter O'Toole makes for a commendable old schoolmaster, but the addition of awkwardly naive and Petula Clark to sing their defects the film away from Chips and his pupils, and pushes it into the poetry realm of devoted documenary.

Paint Your Wagon — Hollywood's over-the-top grandeur for 1969, a genuine musical, captures emotion, drama, your attention in the same way that Mount Everest does — because it's there. □

—Kasper Dargatzis

CONTEST NO. 47

In Gordon Smith's slipshod, Has the aging presser lost his puff? What are the outrageous, headline-making questions of yesterday? The best he could do is a recent attack on Mulroney's wife to suggest the magazine is being edited by Little Boopie. A sleazebag from the old can. Is the interest of buttressing a few Canadian institutions, readers are invited to deliver Smack-a-weekly questions be could ask such Front Page Challenge guests as: Prince Philip, Little Boopie, George Wallace, the former Mrs. Platon Spinos, Nancy Greenet, Spino Agnew, Jane Austen, Nero — or any other public figure, including himself. Address entries to Contest No. 47, Madsen's, 481 University Ave., Toronto D1, Deadline: January 25.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 45

Readers were asked to provide suggestions of information for the "Know Canada Better" series on the basis of pocket-sized Riddley quizbooks. After perusing the results, the judges now know Canada a lot better. We are a nation with a superb sense of the ridiculous. Some of the funniest poems of Canadiana were purely factual. Did you know that sales of longins have surged by 9,592 during the summer of 1984, as compared with figures for the summer of 1983, while sales of handaxe kits showed a definite national C. I. trend of Delmaria, Ala., kind, that rose from a D65 release and rose five dollars. Another five dollars goes to Graham Wheeler, of Corner Brook, Nfld., who found Penguin Smirnoff's pamphletizing book, *Fe You With Affection From Jay*, a goldmine of trivia. His entry "In Newfoundland of

the time of Confederation there were 84 schools with indoor latrins. There are today 838 schools with indoor latrins." Most of the contestants, however, let their faculties roam free and from several thousand delighted entries, the judges decided to award five-dollar prizes to each of the following. Did you know that

- The square in Regina is equal to the sum of the squares in other Canadian cities. *David Renee Thorne*
- Toronto's Tapscott and Ben Ltd. are Ontario's biggest home-entertainment. *Pat Marston, Downsview, Ont.*
- The average distance between telephone poles in Canada is 158 feet two inches. *Robert O'Brien, Aurora, Ont.*
- Wopas in northern Canada eat massive quantities of trees. When dropped on the ground, their heads always point south. *Mrs. John Glenzie, London, Ont.*
- In dear weather the spray from Severn Falls, Ontario, can be seen from a distance

- of six feet. *J. Basher, Brantford, Ont.*
- The Coat of Arms of Manitoba is a coat made entirely of trees. *Miss C. Schmitt, East Kildonan, Man.*
- If the first prize awarded in a year for the Marlin's Centennial were distributed equally among all the people in Canada, each would receive 134,100 of a coat. *Leslie P. Felt, Burnaby, B.C.*
- Coppermine, an Eskimo settlement in the Northwest Territories, doesn't have any. *Joe Hume, Edmonton*
- Bilingualism is more common in Canada than in any other country lying between the United States and the Arctic Ocean. *Bill Collier, Fredericton, N.B.*
- Laura Smith's cow had beef and meat disease. *Max J. S. Brinkley, Scarborough, Ont.*
- In 1969 CBC-TV produced an 8,700th documentary on the Canadian Arctic, extending by two the number of programs on Marlin's special-jugap. *Mr. G. Nelson, Burnaby, B.C.*
- If Quebec and PEI formed a union, the French-English minority would lead all others in Canada. *Max T. "Doc" Montreal*
- No Canadian — man or woman — over 70 years of age has ever been involved in an accident while riding a motorcycle. *Miss G. G. MacQueen, Victoria*
- Not liking their rodeo city's white-hot gifts to visiting dignitaries in beyond the industry of Steve Galpinson. *Mrs. Mary Lindsay, North Kildonan, Sask.*
- Snowbirds were invented in Canada in 1742 by an Australian (English) player stranded in Moscow. *A. E. Steve Whitten, Ont.*
- If all the cars in Calgary were placed end-to-end, some motorists would still manage a new and old record. *Edna Green, Scarborough, Ont.*
- Glass Bay, Nova Scotia, has the world's first non-polluting heavy-water plant. *Miss S. Brown, Toronto*
- Statistics show that 99.9 percent of all dog food produced in Canada is consumed by dogs. *Mrs. L. D. Moody, Vancouver, B.C.*

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 44

Had we but world enough and time,
This fopious Mower would not crown;
Lamenting the obsequious absence of
romantic poetry written from the female
point of view, we asked readers to
provide gardens of Andrew Mulroney's
lines To His Coy Mistress. Solddoo has
a contest around with a passionate
response, most of a beginning in its
expression of deeply felt frustration.
Although it misses the main target of the
period, this entry from O. Lohmeyer of
East Seabrook, N.W.T., deserves 100
for wit.

Had we but world enough and time,
This fopious Mower would not crown
But every day I always say
Your eager hand that grabs for me
And yonder all before me here
The same approach from above eyes
A canny look, an empty tank
That eager hand upon my thigh
And then as night you by once more
Exposure now, the bottom does.
As your want know yours is left
For you, a conquest is a waste
You say I'm bright, don't be mean,
Let's wait at least 'til I'm sixteen

And 515 to each of these

Had we but world enough and time,
This fopious Mower would not crown
Partney's Complaint, The Horrid Zoo,
The Lion Machine and Ada, too,
Would tell all you, had you time to read,
How best to meet my sacred need
But, since we only have a day,
Don't tarry longer, let's away
Naked Come I, A Stranger drive,
To whisper in your empty ear
Four here dark here, your hands your
soul.
Your velvet grace my heart bequeath
My soul's a flow and private place
So let's go, Mum, and there embrace

—Miss Edward O'Brien, Oakton, Ont.

Had we but world enough and time
This fopious Mower would not crown
But hours are minutes in their flight
And I have quite an appetite —
So do not let the afternoon fly
While close together we might lie.
To sleep us, naked in the tomb —
A dazed thought of gloom and doom,
There dwellings worms of poetry may
Would seek the glowing you peer
And my unchangeable love
And all your shik would turn to dust.
The grave's a cold and final place —
Come, give me now a hot embrace!

—Andrew Glen, Toronto



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